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THE

THREE PERILS OF WOMAN;

A SERIES OF

DOMESTIC SCOTTISH TALES.

EDINBURGH :
PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE & CO.

THE

THREE PERILS OF WOMAN;

OR,

Love, Leasing, and Jealousy.

A SERIES OF

DOMESTIC SCOTTISH TALES.

By JAMES HOGG,

AUTHOR OF "THE THREE PERILS OF MAN,"
"QUEEN'S WAKE," &c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

The fam'ly sit beside the blaze,
But O, a seat is empty now!
JOHN GIBSON.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1823.

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THE

THREE PERILS OF WOMAN.

PERIL SECOND.

Leasing.

CIRCLE FIRST.

As David Duff, serving-man to the minister of Balmillo, was watering his master's horse one evening, he discovered a stranger in the churchyard, with a spade in his hand, and that by the following unexpected means:—David had lived about the churchyard all his life; and for the last ten years of it, had been sexton of the parish, bell-ringer, Bible-carrier, and working-man

to the parson; but, for all that, the least noise from these sepulchres of the dead at any untimely hour, never failed to make David Duff's heart jump up to his throat, and his hair stand on end. For all his traffic among human bones and sculls during the day, (and there was nothing in which he so much delighted,) he made it a rule never to go within sight of the windows of the church after the fall of the gloaming. But unluckily, the road to the river, as all the parishioners well know, after going along by the garden-wall, takes a short turn at a right angle, exactly at the kirk-stile; so that a person passing that way, has one look into the churchyard, if he so lists, and no more. Now, it was David's uniform custom, when obliged to pass that way under the cloud of night, always to look over his left shoulder toward the Castle of Balmillo, as he made the short turn at the kirk-stile; so that the whole churchyard might have been moving with ghosts, for any thing that David knew. He believed they were frequently there;

but what a man does not know of, cannot possibly do him any harm.

It was on a cold bleak evening, and the white clouds were drifting along a bright sky at a prodigious rate, while the moon, which was a week old, was hanging in the west, as if suspended from the heavens by the two horns—a position that forebodes nothing good at that inclement season. It was on such an evening, I say, and a little before the entire close of day, that David mounted the minister's stout bay horse, to water him at the river. As he went along by the garden-wall, his teeth began a-chattering with the cold; on which he put up his right hand to put a button in his grey coat, keeping hold of the horse's bridle with the left hand only. David held up his chin; for it was the button next to that at which his benumbed hand was fumbling in vain; and while in that attitude his eye caught a glance of the cold-looking new moon—"Ah, you pe a pase stormy-looking loun!" said David; "you travel rather too much like Marion M'Corkadale.

There will pe news that are unheard-tell-of pefore we trink your tregy."

By the time David had done apostrophizing the moon, the horse's head was within a step of the short turn at the kirkyard-stile; or which David, in one moment, turned his eyes round toward the river and the Castle of Balmillo. Not so the minister's bay horse. A blamable curiosity prompted him to look the other way, where he beheld something that soon convinced his rider at least, if not himself, that he had better have looked toward the Castle of Balmillo too. David was, as it were, this moment patiently buttoning his coat with his head turned away, but the next he was lying within the churchyard; for the horse, believing he was frightened, made a sudden spring off at the near side, and that with such a jerk, that he threw his rider, in the contrary direction, neatly over the wall, which was not very high. "Fat the tevil pe that?" said David, setting up his head without the bonnet; and the instant that he did so, he perceived a man in the

Lowland habit, almost close by him, with a spade in his hand.

David sprung up with great agility for an old man, and was going to mount the stile, when the stranger, seeing that he was discovered, ran forward, and called to him, "Stop, friend; stop; I want to speak to you."

"It's a very pad fhaut that bhaist has," said Davie, and threw himself over the stile with an agility he had not put in exercise for many years before.

The horse was running, capering, and snorting down the glebe, cocking his head and his tail very high, and ever and anon looking back to the churchyard. But David did not pursue the horse to catch him again, as might naturally have been supposed. No; he ran straight towards the minister's kitchen; for, why, he never got such a fright in his life! What occasion had David Duff to be so frightened, you will say? What was there so terrible in a Lowlander with a shovel-spade in his hand? Lord help you, sir, that was not the thing

that agitated the worthy sexton so terribly. No, no; there was something much more appalling in the matter than that. For when David set up his head without the bonnet in the churchyard, he perceived, or thought he perceived, the body of a dead woman lying rolled up in a sheet; and that sheet, about the middle, all spotted with congealed blood. Will any body now assert, that David Duff, the minister's man, of Balmillo, had nothing to run for? I think a more appalling sight could hardly have been seen. The body was lying stretched at the bottom of the churchyard wall—close to it, and in a hollow place, as if for concealment. But David saw it, to his great horror of spirit, and fled towards the Manse as fast as his feet would carry him. But perhaps the worst thing of all was, that, on casting a glance behind him, he perceived the gigantic Lowlander pursuing him with the spade over his shoulder.

David burst in at the front door, and never stopped till on the top of the divot seat beyond the kitchen fire; for the Manse

of Balmillo was in those days an old-fashioned house, thatched with broom, and the fire burnt on a hearth. David looked up the vent, and all around him, for some place to hide himself, but there was none; so he was obliged to stand on the seat, or rather to dance on it, for he kept the same sort of motion that a woman does when tramping clothes—lifting the one foot and then the other, time about. "Cot's plesset mercy pe on us!—Cot's plesset mercy pe on us!" cried David, as fast as he could repeat the sentence; all the while tramping with his feet, and looking wildly toward the door.

"What's the matter with the fool?—What's the matter with the auld gouk?" cried Sally, the housemaid, rather somewhat astounded. David could not tell her what was the matter; he could only repeat his prayer above-quoted in a louder key.

Sally ran ben the house to the minister. "Gudesake, master, come an' speak to Davie," cried she; "he's gane horn mad; an's standin dancin an' prayin on the deess ayont

the fire. Haste ye, sir, an' come an' speak til him, for he's as mad as a fiery dragon. Am thinkin he's seen something."

The minister being a stately upright old bachelor, and very much at Sally's command, (for she had come all the way from Lothian to serve him,) followed her to the kitchen in his gown and slippers. "David, David," said he; "why these irreverent ejaculations, David?"

"Oh, Cot's plesset mercy pe apout us, sir!"

"Very well, David; I hope it will. But wherefore now so particularly, more than at any other time? Compose yourself, David, and tell me what it is."

"Oh, Cot's mercy, sir! she pe a man in te churchyard."

"Well, David; and though there were ten, or say twenty men in the churchyard, what is there in that? What does that concern either you or me?"

"Oh, and alake, sir!—But I not pe shoore but she pe a tead corpse there too."

"So there are, David. I know there are many dead corpses there. You are ill, David—you are ill—sit down, I say, and compose yourself. And, regard me, if I hear your noise to-night again, either alarming my maid, or disturbing my own meditations, I'll turn you out of doors, David. That I will, be assured."

This was a hard alternative; so, without being able to explain himself farther, David sat down on the sod seat, and the parson returned to his parlour, in the farther end of the house, desiring Sally to bring some coals to the fire. Sally obeyed; and when David was left alone in the kitchen, he betook him again to his old stand beyond the fire, and to the old up-and-down motion with his feet; but not daring for his life to call out, he remained gasping for breath. Sally was in no hurry to return, for she and her reverend master had been talking a little about David's frenzy, and laughing at it; for David, honest man! was accounted *hardly like other folks.*

While Sally was in the parlour, or on her return from it, I am not certain which, a loud heavy knock came to the front door; it was exactly such a knock as a man would give with the head of a spade, or any heavy mattock. It sounded to David like the death-bell to his own funeral; his frame grew rigid; and he gaped so wide, that he appeared as if about to swallow himself. Sally went straight to the door, without consulting David's feelings on the subject, or so much as witnessing his deplorable condition at the moment. She opened it, and was accosted in the Lowland tongue, by a man, who asked, in a hollow-sounding voice, "If daft Davie Duff was in the house?"

David heard the ominous question distinctly where he stood, and suppressed his panting entirely, in order to hear Sally's answer; for, till that was given, his hope was not wholly extinct. But Sally, delighted at hearing her own native tongue in one of the other sex, wished to hear a little more of it, and therefore did not answer the

stranger's question directly. In the old genuine custom of the country, she answered it by asking another. "What do ye ken about daft Davie Duff, lad?" said Sally.

"Isna he your man, an' the bedlar here?" said the stranger.

"Ay, sometimes, for want of a better," returned she, in the same jocular style, in order to protract the conversation.

"Then I want to speak wi' him for a wee while out by here," quoth the stranger.

"Can your secret no be tauld to ony' other body out by there?" said she.

"Cot's plessing light on tat coot womans!" said David to himself.

But the solemnity of the stranger's voice was not to be moved by her flippancy, and he answered, with some degree of impatience, "No, mistress, it can *not*. Wi' your leave, I maun speak wi' that body preevatly, if he be i' the house."

"Come in and see, then," said she.

"Excuse me at present, sweet mistress," returned the man. "My business is express; but by and by I'll be happy to hae

a little mair tauk w'ye. Pray, tell me at ainee if that auld rascal be i' the house?"

"Yes, he is," quoth Sally, and was going to add something more, but that moment their ears were saluted with the most vociferous negatives from the kitchen, of, "No, you pooker! No, no, no. She no pe in, she no pe in! tamn striopach! tamn striopach!"

The stranger hearing this horrible outcry, and not aware what was the matter, stepped round the corner of the house, and Sally ran into the kitchen to quiet her fellow-servant. But Davie, thinking she was come to order him out to converse with a murderer, extended his cries and anathemas still louder, until the minister was again disturbed; and taking up a cane, he came hastily to the kitchen in manifest displeasure. Sally was standing in the middle of the floor, holding up both her hands in consternation; and as her master came by her, she cast a regretful look at him, which his reverence perfectly understood. It was as much as if she had said in plain English,

"Will you suffer the old fool to call your own Sally by such names as these?"

The minister had not said a word, good or bad; but having the cane heaved in his right hand, he seized Davie with the left, and hauling him down from the seat, in two seconds he had him at the door, where, laying the cane heartily across his shoulders, he pushed him out with such good will, that Davie fell on his face, and lay still, groaning and crying in despair. The minister shut the door, bolted it, and returned into the kitchen.

"I say, Sarah, what was it that occasioned all this disturbance, Sarah?"

"O, naething ava, sir—just naething ava but his ain madness, that's a'."

"But who was it that called at the door, Sarah?"

"O, naebody ava, sir—there was naebody ca'ing at the door—no ane."

"I say, Sarah, did I not hear some person calling at my door, Sarah?"

"O, just some o' the schoolmaster's callants, sir, I fancy, that came rattlin to the

door to fear Davie; he thinks they're a' ghaists, an' is terrified out o' his wits for them."

"Well, well, see that it be so, Sarah—see that it be so, my good girl.—I was afraid that it might be some licentious profligate hanging over your engaging person, as a hawk hovers over his prey; there be many such, my pretty Sarah—many such in this intemperate age.—Our situation is becoming ticklish in the most extreme degree;—the Duke of Cumberland's army approaches us closely on the one side, and the Clans on the other,—we shall be plundered to a certainty, Sarah; but there is nothing of which I am so much afraid as the seduction or violation of thy comely person, Sarah—that would be a misfortune which I could not bear. But come, Sarah, come; as it is the evening of Saturday, come with me into my room, and I shall endeavour to give you some wholesome and comfortable instruction, Sarah."

"Ay, ay, sir, I'll be wi' ye presently.—But I hae some bits o' things to do up an'

down the house first; an' I rather think Davie has neglectit to pit in your naig, for I heard him rinnin clampin and snorting about the glebe; I'll be fain to gang out an' look after him."

"Don't go out of the house, Sarah, my good girl—I say, Sarah, don't go out of the house.—You hear David has given over shouting—he will put in my horse; and if he do not, the horse can go in by himself. —Therefore don't leave the house, Sarah; for you don't know who may be lurking about these walls and bushes—I say, Sarah, don't leave the house."

The parson returned to his snug little old-fashioned parlour, while Sally cast a sly look after him, smiling and biting her lip. One would have thought that Sally had no occasion in the world to have told her master a falsehood in this instance; but it is a great fault in women—the very greatest that attaches to them—that in all matters that relate to themselves, personally, with the other sex, *they will not tell the downright truth*;—nay, it is almost ten to one

that they will not tell a single word of it, or, if they do, it is sure to be so ambiguous, as not to be rightly understood. For all the evils that have befallen to the world in general, and to their own sex in particular, by reason of this great besetting sin, it has still increased, rather than diminished. If it is inherent in their nature, and an effect of the primal eldest curse, it is vain for parsons to preach, or poets to sing, against it. But, at all events, a plain narrative of a few facts, connected with, and originating in this dangerous propensity, can do no harm, and may stand as a little beacon in some retired creek, and give warning of a lurking danger to those who please to consult it, as well as that placed on the most obvious and ostentatious position.

Sally had some motives for her leasing-making:—In the first place, the minister was jealous of her to a boundless degree; she durst not be seen casting a side-long glance, or a smile, to any of the young men of the vicinity, far less speaking a word in private with one, else she was made to feel

that she was a servant, for many days to come. And, on the other hand, she had strong hopes that this lowland stranger was come to see after her, and that he wanted to wile Davie Duff out of the way. He had hinted as much to her, that by and by he should like to have some chat with her, and Sally, being well used with the nocturnal visits of wooers, firmly believed that he would make his appearance. Therefore, as soon as the minister went ben the house, she opened half a leaf of the window-shutter, and sitting down, with her face toward it, she combed her raven locks, and put them up as neatly and elegantly as if she had been the daughter of an earl. The stranger did not come, and neither did Davie make his appearance with any news; so that, at last, Sally came to the following prudent resolution:—"I'll gang ben to my master," thought she, "and get his tiresome palaver put over about virtue, and chastity, and purity of heart and mind, which consist all in fidelity to one object. I know all that I am to get; however, I'll gang ben, and, by the time he

has done, it will be about the wooing time of night; and, if this Lowlander dinna come back, I am aye sure o' Pate Gow, the smith —I can get him ony night, Sunday or Saturday, if there's nae deer-stalking gaun on."

But there *was* deer-stalking going on; and, at the very time Sally was forming these gay resolutions, Peter, the smith, was many miles from her, watching the deer with a tremendous Spanish gun, well loaded with powder and small bullets. However, Peter had the minister's lovely housekeeper in his mind now and then; and, provided he brought down neither deer nor roe that night, he intended to come in by Sally, and ask how she did;—if she let him in, it was well; if not, they would set a tryst for some other night.

But this was an eventful night at Balmillo, and there were many strange things foredoomed to happen before the meeting of Peter Gow and his blithesome sweetheart; it is therefore the duty of the narrator to relate these in their proper place.

"You hear David has given over shouting; he will put in my horse," said the minister, when remonstrating with Sally. If the minister had known what David then knew, he would have judged it high time for David to give over shouting.

When the enraged parson pushed David from him, be it remembered that he fell on his face on the green before the door. His case was then utterly desperate, and his cries subsided into something like stifled groans. But the moment that the minister bolted the door, David was seized by the neck, with a grasp in which there was no manner of gentleness, or mitigation of irritated might. This arrest was made by no other than the big austere Lowlander, whom David soon recognized by the light of the moon, and saw that he was dragging him away violently towards the church-yard. David had just collected breath, by two or three convulsive gasps, to redouble his cries, with the addition of "Murder!" and "Death!" when the stranger presented a large horse-pistol,

cocked, at his mouth, at the same time swearing a deep oath, that if he uttered another sound, he would blow him to eternity. Davie's cries were laid in his throat—they came to the birth, but there was not strength to bring forth, although the effort of restraint had very nigh choked him. His head stuck backward, his jaws fell down, and he gaped so wide, that his mouth would have taken in the head of an ordinary child, while his whole frame grew so rigid, that he could only walk like a man without joints. The stranger dragged him on, till he had him in the midst of the graves, and, all the way, the great horse-pistol, in full cock, kept him as quiet as a lamb, save that his breathing was like that of a person departing this life.

The graves in Balmillo church-yard lie all in ridges, every ridge belonging to a separate clan, with its cadets and subordinate retainers, all at a proper distance from the tomb of the chief. In the midst of one of the largest of these ridges, the stranger turn-

ed himself round straight before David, and said, "Now, billy, I'll no be at the pains to trail ye ony farther."

Davie dropped instinctively down on his knees to beg his life; and holding up his hands, he began to plead for it most piteously. But the stranger cut him short, by saying, "Hout, man, that's out o' the question—Ye mistak your man awthegither.—I'll gie ye your reward, an' pop ye cannily into your snug hame. But, afore that, ye maun answer me twa or three questions, an' do a bit job for me too.—Are nae ye the bedlar here?"

"Ah-h-h-ay," said Davie, in a whisper, quite below his breath.

"Then you know all the burial-grounds here, do you?"

"Ah-h-h-ay."

"Come, then, let me see that of the Grants—Is this rig theirs?"

"Ah-h-h-ay."

"Then where dis the M'Phersons lie?"

"Ah-h-h-ay."

"Ah-h-h-ay!—Diel's i' the stupid body!

—What dis he mean? Either answer me to the point, or here's for you, billy!" And with that the stranger again presented the pistol to Davie's mouth.

"Oh! pe Cot's mercy! pe Cot's mercy, your honour!"

"Then let me see the graves of the M'Phersons in a minute, for I hae nae time to pit aff!"

"Come a little pigger more to tis way, your honour.—See, tere she pe, all lying in a row.—Many creat mans and peautiful ladies tere! Was yourself a M'Pherson?"

"Do I look like ane, man?—Now shew me those of the Ogilvies, the Gordons, and the Farquharsons, all distinctly, sirrah, now that I hae gotten ye to your senses!"

"Here she pe all, your honour, in him's very good graves—Hersel puried them, every one."

"Now, where are the Duffs?"

"Eh?—Fat she pe going to doo wit te graves of te Duffs? Ohon an bochd daoine! No Duffs pe tere, your honour—no, indeed, no Duffs tere!"

The stranger lifted his terrible horse-pistol slowly and malignantly from his thigh.—"Are there nane o' the Duffs here, do you say?"

"No, indeed, sir!—No, no, no, indeed!—No Duff will lie here!"

"Suppose we make a trial of that? It is time there should be a beginning, in a country where there are sae mony o' the name!—There are no graves here of the Duffs?—Do you say so, you dog?"

"Ohon! ohon, your honour!—if she had not lost te forget of te ting! Tere be intsed some few of te Duffs.—See, here she pe, all in a row."

"It is a goodly ridge! And whose is this next to it?"

"O, pless your honour! fat neet you pe asking tat? It is te Clan-More purial—you understand me?—tat is te great clan—te head clan of us all."

"Ay, now I see you are right—now I can believe you for once.—It is indeed the burial-place of the Clan-More, as you call it, having the Duffs on the one side, the

Farquharsons on the other, and the M'Phersons next again, westward.—Is not that the way?"

"Te very way, sir, inteed—She puried tem all herself, every soul."

"You are right, you are right. Now, whose is this new grave here?"

"Tat pe John M'Evan's, sir, who was slain trow te pody at te pattle of Kirkfallmoor.—O fat a goot young man as never was porn!"

"This is the very spot I wanted to discover; and I thank you. But that is not all.—What wages do you get from the minister by the year?"

"Ohon, sir! her wages pe very poor; and she haif a poor màthair too! Inteed, sir, she haif no mhoney, an it were not three pawpees, which are great at your service."

"Thank ye, friend; I'll just take it, in hopes ye will do the next thing I bid ye.—Now, tell me *at aince*, how muckle d'ye get frae the minister as a year's wage?"

"Just poor twenty pounds, your honour, and she haif no mhore of her here."

"Good gracious!—Twenty pounds sterling?"

"O, no, no, sir! twenty pounds Scots—just pe tree and tirty shillings and te groat."

"Weel, man, here are tree and tirty shillings and te groat, as ye ca't, with six and eightpence over and above; and do you begin and dig me a grave close beside this where Captain John is buried."

"A grave, your honour? Py te mercy of Cot! fat she pe going to do wit grave at tis time of night? Och! for te sake of te great and te goot Mac-Daibhidh, let te grave a-pe till Cot's plessed light of tay!"

"I want a grave digged—a deep, deep, and narrow one; and ready it must be before midnight. If you accomplish it for me, these two pounds shall be your reward, and if that does not satisfy you, you shall have more. If you do not accomplish it, I have a pair of loaded pistols here, and you yourself shall lie in it.—You have no power to evade me—the thing must be done, and you must do it. Why do you shake so?—Is it

not your calling? and are you not obliged to do it for all who choose to employ you?"

"Not in te time of te tarkness of te night, please your honour. Coot Lort! who is to pe puried to-night?"

"One who will soon have plenty of bed-fellows. Come, come; begin, and keep close to the new grave, to leave room for those that are to come. What do you see in that quarter, that makes you stare so? Come, here are mattocks for you; begin, begin!"

David, in the agony of terror for his own life, had forgot the dead woman lying rolled in the bloody sheet; but the mention of the grave brought her again to his recollection, and his eyes turned exclusively to that spot, with a horror of countenance not to be defined. However, he was compelled to begin, and the stranger, laying the loaded pistols down on the brink of the grave, in order to be ready to shoot Davie, should he attempt to make his escape, began also, and assisted him stoutly. Davie gathered courage gradually, and, being well accustomed to the work, he formed and deepened the

grave with great neatness; but he never asked for the measurement, as beadles are wont to do so punctually, for fear he had been taken away to the church-yard wall, to take the measurement of the body himself. Indeed, whenever the corpse, lying rolled in the bloated winding-sheet so near to him, came in his mind, he was seized with something like an asthma, and was obliged to refrain working for a little. The grave soon became so deep, that the two could not work in it; and the stranger, having already deposited the reward in Davie's hands, did not care to trust him outside the grave, while he himself was within it, for fear the former had effected his escape. The stranger, therefore, keeping his spade and his pistol still in his hands, stood watching over Davie, encouraging and directing him in his work.

Davie observed that he often sighed very deeply, when left to himself, and once said, with a groan, "Ah! it is a dismal business!" Then he would again pretend to talk jocularly with Davie, encouraging him strongly to exert himself.—"Deeper yet,

my good Davie, deeper, deeper; the corpses may have to lie two tier deep ere all the play be played. The armies are coming very near to each other now, Davie, and who knows what will be the issue? But much blood there will be spilt—of that we are sure. Deeper yet, my good fellow, deeper yet. Hush! I thought I heard something approaching.—Sure it can't be they yet, for it is coming in the wrong direction.—Hush, I say!"

The stranger was sitting on a head-stone of blue slate, and leaning forward on the head of his spade, as he said this, while Davie was standing two-fold in the deep and narrow grave, also in the act of listening; and in this interesting posture we must leave them for a few minutes.

Bless me! what has become of pretty Sally all this while? And what has become of Peter Gow, the smith? And what has become of the minister's bay horse, left running about the glebe in a cold frosty night? And, though last not least, What has become of the minister himself?

Now, I am sure, sir, if you had been the

minister's horse, you would have gone into the stable, and enjoyed yourself on your rye-grass hay as well as you could; and, if you had been Peter, the smith, you would have left the deer-stalking, and gone down to the manse to pretty Sally; if you had been the minister, I am not sure but you would have left the study of theology, on the same errand. But, among all these, what was Sally to do?—She had nothing for it, but to wait with patience. And wait she did, because she could not do better,—but not with the greatest patience imaginable; for she said to herself, "I sal hae naething ado but to sleep a' the morn, excepting the wee while I'm in the kirk, an' in a strait I can sleep as sound there as onywhere. I wonder what has become o' that muckle cool-the-loom, Pate? I'm sure he's no yerkin at the studdy a' the night. But I sal gie him the back o' the door for this some ither time!—I wadna gie an hour's sweet-hearting the night for half a dozen some nights, when I'm forefoughten."

Pate was not very far off, for he was

drawing nearer and nearer to the manse of Balmillo at every turn; and I think he was quite right. But then, nobody but a deer-stalker knows the turnings and windings that a deer-stalker has in search of his game. —Peter had to go three times down to the side of the river, and as often back again to the different enclosures of Balmillo, to every place where there was sweet grass, in hopes to find a deer, or roe-buck at the least.—No; Peter thought the devil a deer was in the whole strath that night; and he not only thought it, but swore it to himself very often.—"I shall have a poor account to give of my night's work, both to my old father, and my sweetheart Sal; and, mayhap, to Lady Balmillo, the worst of all, for she is harping on about the repairing of old claymores for ever."

With all these bitter reflections preying on his mind, Peter was in the very mood to have shot at a cat, if one had come in his way. And at last, by a most zig-zag path, exactly like the rout of the children of Israel through the wilderness, and in the

above-stated testy and bloody humour, he arrived behind the old thorn bush at the bottom of the minister's glebe. The moment that he set over his head, he espied a tremendous stag bounding away like lightning up towards the back settlements of the minister's house. "What a luckless dog I am!" exclaimed Peter to himself.—"If I had gone to the other corner of the glebe instead of this, I should have had him dead to a certainty. And then, what an animal!—I'll be bound to say there has not such a buck belled in the Forest of Glen-More these thirty years! He could not be less than a thirty-stoner—indeed, he looked rather like forty. What a luckless devil I am!"

Now this tremendous red stag which Peter saw was no other than the minister's bay horse, taking a gallop at his full speed to keep himself warm that cold night. But Peter Gow did not know this, and it was a pity that he did not.

As Peter went up by the corner of the garden, to reconnoitre whether the minis-

ter's maid was sleeping or waking, a thought entered Peter's head in one moment, and he stood still to consider of it.—"The churchyard lies straight in the line that this princely buck was pursuing," thinks Peter to himself—"Perhaps he may stop to take a snack as he goes through that,—the grass is very soft and green that grows out of them dead chaps. And if he should not have halted there, the doe is sure to be feeding at no great distance from him at this time of the year.—It is but a step—I'll go and see, any way."

Peter went along by the south garden-wall, the very road that Davie Duff had ridden in the evening; and, peeping cautiously over at the end of the stile, his eyes were almost struck blind by the glorious object that he descried. Peter's head descended again below the cape of the dike, with an imperceptible motion, while his heart played thump, thump in his bosom, like an apprentice smith working at a stithy. "I declare," said Peter, in his heart, for his lips durst not so much as come together, for

fear of making a noise,—"I declare yonder is the very monster feeding in the middle of the church-yard! Now, Patie Gow, acquit yourself like a man for once! Lord, what a prize is here!"

Peter crept to the very earth, and he could easily have crept alongst it too, without making the least noise, to the very point of the church-yard-wall, nearest to the spot where the stag was feeding, had it not been for the tremendous Armado-gun that he was obliged to drag along with him. But then she was a sure and a dead shot when he got her to the place; so Peter was under the necessity of bearing her along with him as well as he could. He reached the spot; and the first thing he did was to lay the muzzle of the Armado-gun over the wall, which he did as gently as if he had been afraid of waking the minister, when going in to Sally. He then raised himself slowly up, first to the one knee, and then to the other—next to the one foot, and then to the other, until at last his eye came on a level with the back of the stag, and no more; for he durst not

raise his head so high as to shoot him in at the heart, for fear of being seen; but knowing that the huge animal's head would be down feeding, he aimed at his back, and fired the moment he took his aim. The mark being near, the shot took effect, and a terrible effect it was!—Instead of a stag tumbling on the sward, or floundering away with a deadly wound, there sprung up a gigantic human figure at full length, and roaring out, "Murder! murder!" dived at once into the bowels of the earth, and disappeared.

Peter Gow fainted! actually went away in a faint—And none of your cold water and hartshorn faints either—none of your lady faints, where everything is seen and heard all the while, but a true, genuine, blacksmith's faint.—He fell, as dead as if he had been knocked down with a fore-hammer, back over at his full length on the minister's glebe; and the huge Spanish Armado-gun fell backwards above him, at her full length too.

How long Peter lay in this swoon must

ever remain a mystery. Perhaps it might be two hours, perhaps as many minutes; there is no man can say which. But when he began to come a little to himself, he distinctly heard an awful kind of groaning and struggling, as it were in the stomach of the earth, hard by him; and then it was needless to bid Peter rise and flee. At first he could neither stand nor run, but continued a galloping movement on all four; but it appears that his legs had gathered some strength as he proceeded, for at length he got home, though he could not tell how. He got home, but without his bonnet, his tartan plaid, and his huge Spanish gun. These were all left as witnesses against him; and the next morning, Peter appeared to his father and step-mother to be in a raging brain-fever.

It will be recollected, that we left the two grave-diggers in a very interesting posture; but we must now return and find them in one far more interesting. Before, they were both stooping down in the act of listening, Davie in the bottom of a deep

narrow grave, and the stranger sitting on a blue head-stone at the head of the grave, leaning forward over the shaft of his spade. Now, whether it was the noise made by the minister's bay horse that the Lowland stranger heard, or the noise of Peter putting the muzzle of his Armado gun over the dike, is of no consequence. It is certain he heard some noise or other, and told Davie so in a whisper. "Hush, I say," said he; and in one moment after that, he received the contents of Peter's huge gun in his back; when, starting up with a convulsive spring, he fell head foremost into the grave.

Now, it so happened that Davie Duff's head was turned away from the stranger at this fatal crisis. He was stooping down with his head at the narrow end of the grave, being the one farthest from the stranger; so that the latter, on being shot dead, sprung first up, and then descending with terrible force, head foremost into the grave, his crown came with such a tremendous blow on the back part of Davie's bare head, that it felled him, as was little wonder. And

not only so, but the stranger falling with his whole huge weight above the poor beadle, squeezed him close down to the bottom of the narrow grave, with his face among some loose earth, and there the two lay, firm and fast. It was not long till Davie recovered to life, at least a kind of life, if life it might be called. He pressed up his head, and finding that he had room to breathe, he attempted to cry; but alas, there was nobody to hear his cry except Peter Gow, the smith, who was nearly in as bad circumstances as himself.

I think it was a wonder Davie did not attempt to rise, for if he had, and exerted himself well, he might certainly have got from below the dead man some way or other. However, he either could not rise, or did not attempt it, for there he lay; which can be accounted for in no other way than by ascribing it to the ideas which Davie had conceived as to the matters of fact. Davie actually thought he had been shot through the hinder part of the head with a bullet. He thought that when the stranger saw the

grave to be deep enough, and that he had no more use for him, in order to prevent him from telling tales, he had deliberately lifted one of the horse pistols and shot him. It is true, that on recovering from the stunning blow, Davie felt that there was a dead body above him, for there were joints like knees and elbows pressing into his flesh. But then he conceived that this was the dead woman in the bloody winding-sheet, which the stranger had thrown in above him, and afterwards covered them both up with the gravel and the green sods. Now, really for a man to have attempted rising in such circumstances as these, would have been little short of madness. He was first shot through the head, which he felt had hurt his head very sore; then stretched in the bottom of a deep grave; a dead corpse thrown above him; and above all, gravel, and sculls, and shank bones, and green sods, heaped up nobody knew how high, and nobody knew how deep. If Davie had not been half mad before, the perfect conviction

of such a situation would have put him mad for ever.

Sally was still sitting waiting for a sweetheart, when the gun went off in the churchyard. Full well she knew the report of Peter's musket, for there was not one like it in the three counties; and it had been let off as a watchword to Sally before that time. "I wonder if that jaunderin jealous body the minister be fa'en asleep yet?" thinks Sally. "I hae some doubts o't, for he was watchin me wi' rather mair than a jealous e'e the night. But I'll bolt the inner kitchen door, an' gang out to the hay loft to Peter; I can win mair easily out at the window than he can win in." Sally listened and listened a good while, and still she thought she heard the minister stirring; but at length, her patience being run out, and Peter never appearing at the window to come in, she crept softly out and went into the barn loft, in which there were loopholes that looked both to the east and west. Sally looked out at them all, and listened, but nothing could she either see or hear of

Peter Gow. A low grovelling sound was all that she heard, which had like to have impressed her with terror; but love is a powerful passion, and easily triumphs over every other. Sally remained where she was, though not in the best humour imaginable at her poaching lover. She looked east and west, and then east again; and to her utter amazement, beheld a huge, black, shapeless body approaching the manse by a hollow concealed way. It was accompanied by two shining lights, the one apparently on the one side, and the other on the other. This was too much for a maid to stand, however deep in love; and Sally, not knowing where to find Peter Gow, the smith, flew back in at the window, and, without so much as striking up a light, rushed ben to the minister's chamber, and exclaimed—"His presence be about us, master! get up, get up. There is a band of muffled robbers coming up the back loaning, wi' spears an' lanterns. I'se warrant they're gaun to rob the manse!"

"Sarah! I say, Sarah! Whither were

you? Why out of your apartment spying out bands of robbers at this time of night?"

"That's no the concern at present, master. For gudesake, rise!"

"Sarah! I say that *is* the concern, Sarah: and the one primary to all other concerns. But, Sarah, I say; if you are afraid, you can remain in the room with me. You know I won't harm you."

"My truly! We hae other things to think about, sir! I'll run an' look out at the back window.—Master, master! Good heavens, master! get up. It's a wheen men carrying a coffin, an' they hae lights, an' bibbs an' a' wi' them. Rise, an' let us watch what they're about."

"Sarah, I won't move until you tell me where you were when you discovered all this?"

"Hout, dear sir! I was out looking after your brown naig, ye ken. That bodie Davie has been nae mair seen sin' ye loundered him and turned him out—His bed's cauld; and the poor beast was starving baith

o' cauld an' hunger. Somebody maun look after your things, master."

"Sarah! it is not meet for an engaging young woman to go out at midnight in these lawless times. Sit thee down on the side of my bed here, in comfort and in peace; for the less we have to do with these midnight marauders, the better. I know they will be some of the clans foraging; but none of them will trouble me. Sit thee down, Sarah, for it is not meet that thou should'st be alone."

Sarah flew to the back window once more. "Peace be wi' us, sir! they're gaun straight to the kirk-yard wi't. An' wow, but they be moving heavily—Now I have it—I'll wager my head it is the kist o' gould that was landit frae France for the use o' the Prince, wi' sic secrecy an' sic danger."

"That is a different view of the subject, Sarah," said the parson, flying to his clothes. "And I have no doubt it is the right one. Thou art a most ingenious girl, Sarah! But, Sarah, I say. Yours is rather a dangerous bet, Sarah. Though safe enough

with your master, I would not like to hear you offer such a wager to every man. Come, Sarah, let us go hence and reconnoitre. This is a most interesting business."

Sarah and her master hastened to the barn loft, from the back slits of which they had a view of the kirk-yard; and by the time they arrived there, the mourners were just entering the church-yard, bearing a coffin without any pall. All their speech was in an under voice, so that the minister and his maid could not make out its purport; but the men seemed at a loss, and stood still whispering. The moon was just at the setting,—her back seemed touching the verge of the dark mountain of Ben-Aker, and every shadow on the plain was lengthened out to an enormous size. It was a scene that had something in it wildly terrific; seven men in black, like walking pillars, bearing a coffin about at midnight, with lanterns in their hands, swords by their sides, and glancing spears for handspokes. By the help of the lanterns they soon discovered a new-made grave, near the

middle of the burial-ground, being straight in a line with the eastern church door, toward which they carried the bier; but set it down at a little distance, as if intent on searching for something that they still wanted. One of the men with the lantern went forward to the grave, and as suddenly recoiled; but these were men not to be daunted; they gathered round the grave, and astonishment giving energy to their voices, the dialogue became loud and confused, for they were all speaking at once.

"It is Henning!" said one.

"Yes, by ——, it is!" said another. "Who can have done this deed?"

"That must be searched into," said he who appeared to be the chief. "And dearly shall the aggressor pay for his temerity!"

"He *shall* pay for it," said two or three voices at once; and with that they hauled the body out of the grave, and began to examine how the wounds appeared to have been given, when one cried out that there was another. They looked into the deep grave, and there lay the most revolt-

ing sight of all. The body of their friend was a little striped with blood, but this undermost corpse was actually swathed and congealed in it. They hauled the body out, and the coagulated masses of blood came along with it, which so much disfigured the whole carcase, that it could hardly be taken for a human frame; while at the same time there were clots of gelid clay hanging at the hair, on each side of the face, nearly as big as the face itself. The whole group was manifestly much shocked at the sight; but how much more so, when this horrible figure bolted up amongst their hands, and after saying in a hurried voice—"Uasals, bithidh mi anmoch," (gentles, I shall be too late,) ran off towards the minister's house and vanished. Numerous were the exclamations of wonder that burst from the crowd; but the phenomenon was so much out of the course of nature, that none of them seemed to have power to move, or once to make an effort to lay hold of the polluted apparition. At length our two listeners heard one saying—"That must be the murderer. They

have been fighting in the grave, and the one has overcome the other."

"How could that be?" said another. "However, I'll cause the parsonage to be searched to-morrow; and if the culprit is found there, I'll burn it with fire."

The minister's blood ran cold to his heart; for both he and Sally saw full well that the bloody phantom that escaped from the grave was no other than their own most obsequious servant and patient drudge, Davie Duff. But the minister vowed in Sally's ear, that he would investigate the case without delay, and be beforehand with them. "I will sift the fool to the very soul in all that hath respect to this strange business," said he, "and give him up to condign punishment. For it is better that the fool perish in his folly, Sarah, than that the comely, the gentle, and the good, should be cut off from their generation, or any evil happen unto them."

The minister now grew frightened and impatient, and began to devise means how they were best to consult their own safety;

but Sally's eyes were rivetted on this extraordinary scene, and she would in nowise move till she saw the issue. The men were evidently much distressed, and moved about as if they wist not what to do. "They dare not deposit their gold, seeing they have been discovered," said the minister. "Woe be to that foolish old man! How he came to be hid in a grave, I divine not."

But Sally saw a little farther than her master. She saw that Henning, the murdered man, was no other than the identical Lowlander, who came to her asking for Davie; and besides, there was another thing that pressed heavily on her mind. She was sure it was the report of Peter Gow's gun that she had heard, and she was also next to certain, that it came from about the very spot where this stranger appeared to be murdered. This was a perplexing matter to her, and she longed much to hear David's account of it; but being curious to witness the party's proceedings, she prevailed on her master to remain, which they both did, though greatly agitated.

The mysterious group now scattered themselves all over the church-yard, trying also to get into the church, which they did not effect; but at length, by the help of the lanterns, the corpse that Davie had seen in the twilight was discovered—the coffin was brought to the place, and the body deposited in it; and then it was decently interred, with manifest grief and solemnity, and with all the ceremonies of the Romish church.

The party next gathered about the dead man, and held some conversation that our couple could not hear; at length one of the number bolted out at the gate, and, to the great annoyance of the minister and his maid, was rapping and shouting at the door of the Manse ere ever they got time to think where they were, or how situated. The man appeared resolved to take no denial; he called at the door, and at every window round the dwelling, all to the same purpose. It was impossible to be in a more awkward predicament than the reverend parson and his house-keeper now found

themselves; for the door to the little barn-loft, that entered by a stone stair, was so near to the front door, where the man stood, that a rat could not have come out without being seen. The church and manse stood east and west, as they do to this day, and the little row of office-houses stood then in a cross line between them, there being only a narrow entry between these and the manse, so that the stone stair was not ten steps from the door. What was to be done? The man would break into the house, and nobody in it—Indeed the door only stood on the latch, but the mode of opening it was critical to find.

The situation of the two inmates of the barn-loft grew every moment more perilous; for the men in the church-yard, hearing the noise made by their comrade, dispatched four other men, with a lantern, who came to his assistance. The doors were now surrounded, and, worst of all, the barn-loft door stood open, and was the only open place to be found. There was now no avoid-

ing a discovery, and one which was likely to prove highly detrimental to the reverend and stately clergyman. He saw the danger too well, and whispered in Sally's ear, "For the sake of keeping thy own character altogether unblemished, Sarah—I say, Sarah, cover me up with that hay."

Sally obeyed, and rolled the hay over above him as quickly and as silently as she could; but it seems she had made some noise, for she instantly saw the light of the lantern flashing into the loft; and, perceiving the men approaching, she sprung out, and met them on the stair.—"What is it, gentlemen, what is it?" said she, speaking hurriedly, to give them no time for surmises; "I beg your pardon for being out o' my maister's at this time o' the night, or the mornin' rather, an' him no at hame.—What, i' gude's name, has brought ye a' here? I hope there's nought wrang has happened?—Eh?—Is the Pretender catch'd, after a'? I beg your pardon, gentlemen."

"Be not alarmed, pretty girl," said a venerable gentleman; "we mean no harm

to you, nor any thing that belongs to your master, whom I know to be a worthy, good man, and staunch to the true cause. But there has been a murder committed here last night on one of our friends; and——"

"Aih!—O dear! A murder, said you? How?—where, where?—No here, I hope?" cried Sally, with well-feigned surprise and terror—"Peace be wi' us, sir! I heard a gun gae aff; an' that was the very thing brought me out o' my bed.—For, d'ye ken, sir, our man has been a-wantin a' night, poor body! an' he's no that sound in his mind; an' I was fear'd something had befa'en him, an' our maister, the minister, no at hame, ye see. I hope it's no him that's murdered?"

"No, it is not he," said the old gentleman; "but there was one escaped from us a little while ago, whom we suspect for the murder—He took shelter in these premises, and we followed to make a search for him, as well as to request of you the key of the church, that we may deposit the body

of the deceased there, until this matter be investigated."

"Certainly, sir, certainly," said Sally; "ye sal hae the key, an' leave to search a' my maister's house, but an' ben—there's nought in't that he needs to think shame o', I hope. Come in, sir, come in out o' the cauld air."

The venerable captain was going to acquiesce in her bidding, and was just about to follow her into the house, to the great relief both of Sally and the minister, when a dark-browed warrior interfered, and, with a jealous aspect, said to the leader, "Perhaps, my lord, it would be as well to explore that hay-loft first.—It strikes me that the girl would scarcely be there by herself; and, if there be an opening towards the church-yard, the deed may have been done from it. The girl is a smart, acute girl, but she appears to me a little fluttered in her manner."

"Very well," said the senior; "let us search the loft then."

"O, ye need never fash to seek the laft, sir," said Sally, turning suddenly back; "there's naebody there—no ane.—I just ran up to see if our auld man wasna there, poor body; and when I saw you come to the door, I durst hardly come down again—that was a'. But I needna hae been sae fear'd—a woman need never be fear'd for a true gentleman—never.—Ye needna seek the laft, sir."

"It is but a step," said the jealous knight, leading the way, and all the rest following him.

When Sally saw that they would be in, she sprang up the stone stair, and was in the first of them all. "See, it's but a gowk's nest," said she—"a mouse could hardly hide itsel in it.—There's naething i' the warld here but the naig's wee pickle hay. Come away—I'm aye fear'der to be wi' men beside hay nor ony gate else."

"Ay, let us go—there is no person here," said the old sire.

"Stop!—let me see," said the other knight; and taking a fork, he began tossing

over the brown nag's hay.——Behold!—in half a minute he pulled the reverend divine out by a foot into the middle of the loft; and then every eye was turned on Sally, while the man with the lantern held it up to her face, and down to the minister's alternately. "You have not been always so much afraid of men beside hay; it seems to have arisen from some very recent treatment, that aversion," said the old gentleman. For really the scene was so ludicrous, it would have been impossible to help making some remarks on it, however grievous the errand men might be employed in. The minister was clothed in his night-gown and slippers, without a neck-cloth; his stockings not drawn up, and his night-cap on his head;—for he had been in such a hurry to see what became of the chest of French gold, that he had not taken time to dress himself any better. He pretended to be dead, or asleep, which made the matter worse; for he found that he had not power to look his patron in the face, having been tutor and chaplain in his family for many years, and preferred by

him to that living. They turned him over and over; but still his eyes remained shut, and his joints as supple as a pelt. At length they heaved him up on his feet, and then perceiving that they were lighting the stump of a flambeau at the lantern, he was obliged to open his eyes, and make himself alive; for he was afraid they were going to hold it to his nose. But he did this with such a piteous aspect, that nothing could be so risible.—His face hung all to one side, and there was a smile on it of absolute desperation.

"What! my reverend and worthy friend!" said the old Baron—"How is this?—May I believe my own sight?"

"O my lord! let not the ambiguity on the instant, involving my category, influence your preconception for one moment! Conceive it an innocent antarthritic, my lord—a specific, counteracting spasmodic contraction—in short, an anamorphosis, my lord—an—an——"

"Pray, say no more about it, most profound sir," said the old gentleman—"the

matter is quite evident; and the only thing that *now* astonishes me in it is, how you should have chosen this cold, open loft, to enjoy your maid's company, rather than a snug room, and a feather-bed.—Had not you two the whole house to yourselves?"

"There is no pleasure unless some pain be undergone in acquiring it," said the jealous knight—"It has been the damsel's aversion to hay that has induced his choice."

"O the expansibility of misprision!" exclaimed the minister, as the men walked out; for they did not list to stay longer listening to his inexplicable subterfuges. As for Sally, she was so much kept from the company of men, that she always rejoiced to be in it; and therefore, drawing near to the stranger whose face she liked the best, she tapped him on the elbow, and gave him a wink with her eye to mark her master's confusion.

They now lighted their torches, and proceeded to search for honest David, leaving a guard at the door. Sally, who was as anxious to come at the truth as any of them,

led the way, with a lightsome step, for she knew all Davie's lurking-places, and led to the right one at the very first. It was a small dark garret-room, where he slept, and which he always held as his castle, deeming it inaccessible. It was so, in a great measure; for the only entrance to it was by a ladder and trap-door; and when the ladder was drawn up, and the trap-door bolted above, there was no possibility of entering it, save by scaling the roof. Sally perceived it to be in this condition, and, certain that the fox was in his hole, she beckoned the gentlemen to remain below until she tried to bring him from his cover by wiles.

"Davie! hillo, Davie!—Are ye sleeping?" cried she.

"Yes," returned he, with the most simple stupidity.

"Then ye maun waukin yoursel up, an' come an' speak to the minister directly."

"Fat te teal is he vantin vit hersel now?"

Davie was not in a condition to appear; and, besides, he had gotten forty shillings that night, which he had laid snugly by,

in the dark, beside his other savings, and these were no trifle. Consequently, Davie, having a clear conscience, felt his independence, and answered accordingly. Or perhaps he heard the noise about the doors, and durst not for his life come down.—"You mhay tell her mhaister, that she wolt rather be staying till mhorning," added he.

"I tell ye to come down directly!" reiterated Sally.

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed the provoking beadle; "I tell you she no pe choming the length of her prog till it pe tay; and so you mhay tell her mhaister—And so you and he mhay gho to te parn, an you pe lhiking it, till the same time—And so ten, should he put hersel out at te toor ackain, she shall nefer mhore return forward to it—Cot tamn!"

Sally ran down the stair again.—"He'll no come his fit length, gentlemen—He's just lying flytin and swearin like mad," said she.

"Sarah—I say, Sarah, does the fellow refuse to come at my bidding? 'Give me the light, Sarah—I will cause him to come in

one moment!" said the parson, taking the light, and striding up the stair, while all the rest drew near to hear the dialogue, which ran thus:—

"David!—I say, David, do you hear my voice, you scullion?"

"Och, seadh, seadh!—She hears it pet ter eneugh."

"Come down then, in a moment, when I desire you!"

"Will you pe going to turn her out at te toors ackain, tat you may pe getting te oigh to yoursel?"

"What do you say, David? I say, do you know whom you speak to, David? If you do not come down on the instant, when I desire you, sirrah, I'll have you dragged down, whipped, and turned out of your place!"

"Och! and to pe sure you will! And you'll pe taking care tat she'll not haif you turned out of your place first.—Should her nainsel pe turned out of er place, it will not pe for te colpach—nor for going to te parn-loft—nor for sending him's leanamh

out to te deoghail—nor for strhiking a poor, innocent, frhighted feor wit a stick—Cot's malluich!"

"I'll force the loft, and have you dragged down instantly!—I'll have you hanged, you infamous dog!"

"Petter lhet alone, coot sir! When hersel pe put mhad, she not pe to meddle wit.—She'll pe firing te house, should she have more of your buairing!"

The parson was astounded.—He went back staring, and always repeating, "The fellow is distracted! There is something very extraordinary in the matter!—*very* traordinary indeed!"

"I think I have stormed a stronger citadel," said the jealous knight; and taking two chairs and a poker, he had the trapdoor forced in a twinkling. Davie appeared above, a frightful apparition, waving a rusty sword; but the dark stranger presenting one of his old friends, a horse-pistol, at his head, he cried out, and yielded. Sally screamed when she saw him all covered over with blood; the minister called out to

shoot him dead, for there was no doubt he was a murderer. But the old Baron remarked, that, though appearances were strongly against him, he did not look like one that would be guilty of a murder.

"His garments do bewray him," said the minister; "and I would advise, my lord, that he be hanged, or shot dead on the instant—Believe me it is a most pestilent fellow. But the other minute he threatened to burn my house; and did he not attempt to kill this worthy gentleman, rather than be taken? His guilt is manifest—It were better and safer that he were dispatched. Although my own servant, I give him up! I give him up! I give him up!"

"Hout, dear maister! I think ye'll be wrang," said Sally; "ane disna ken what provocation he may hae gotten.—But if other folks let Davie alane, I could wager my head that he'll hurt naebody."

"Which of your heads, pretty girl, do you wager?" said one.

"Sarah—mark me, Sarah!—Did I not

tell you that that was not a proper bet to offer strangers?"

"I dinna like to hear fock accused wrangously," returned Sally, lending a deaf ear to the minister's reproof, which she knew was bred of jealousy.—"Though Davie never did me ony gude that he could help, I'll stand on his part there, though I should tell some things that are against mysel. I could gie my bible-oath on it, that Davie wadna attempt the life o' either man or woman, if no driven to it through desperation.—In sic a case as that, he is nae better than a mad dog; but that isna his blame. At ony rate, he wadna be the first transgressor."

"I am of your opinion, maid," said the old Baron. "In the meantime, if you and your reverend master will retire for a while by yourselves, if the hay-loft has not wearied you, I would ask this unchristian-like fellow a few questions in the presence of my friends only."

"Ye had better let me stay, sir," quoth

Sally; "I could maybe pit you and him baith right in some things."

"We will hear you afterwards, pretty one," said he; "please to allow us this apartment for a little space."

"Heigh-how! Come away then, master—we maun away to our—different ends o' the house," said Sally, the last words in a loud key, and woful whine.

"Well, I do envy that stupid parson," said one, "the possession of such a maid!"

"The girl is a proper one," said the old chief; "and, if I do not mistake, for all her flippancy, a virtuous one."

"Humph!" said the jealous knight.

"Now, David," said the old chief, "tell me truly, and in as few words as you can, what you know about this murder.—Something you must know about it; and the less you deviate from stedfast truth, it shall be the better for you."

"It was te Lowlander tat mordered me, your honour; and she does not know who mordered any of te more."

"Who more do you suppose were murdered beside yourself?"

"Och! ter was te lhady in te cloth. Her nainsel does not know in te whowle world who it was tat mordered her."

"And pray, what provoked the Lowlander to murder you, David?"

"Tat have puzzled her very great to know, your honour; for he just called out 'Morder! morder!' to himself, and ten he shot me trou te forward part of te hind head."

The gentlemen then proceeded to examine the place where Davie was shot through the head, and found that his head was wounded, but there were no marks of a ball having entered it.

"It is a compound contusion," said one.

"Yes, and so it is, your honour," said David—"it has made a confounded confusion inteed!"

Hearing they could make nothing of Davie that way, not knowing to what circumstances he alluded, the old Baron desi-

sired him to begin and relate all he knew about the church-yard that night—every thing that he had seen, and every thing that had befallen to him, and then they would know on what points to examine him.—The unlucky and fatal incident has been related already; but Davie's statement was so singular, and shews so manifestly how much an eye and ear-witness may be mistaken, that really it is worthy of being preserved.

"Te tale pe very shortly just tis, your honour:—Hersel was watering mhe mhaister's horse, and lhooking all te way down te rhiver, for fear of peholding te pogle; and so mhe mhaister's horse he lhooked te wrong way, and so he was greatly and terribly frightened, and so ten he tossed himself off at te one side, and herself off at te oder; and so ten she was lhaid into te church-yhard."

"Let me understand you as you go along, David. Do you mean to say that your master's horse ran off, and threw you into the grave?"

"Och! not at all, your honour!—tat

was not peen possible for a horse to doo! Te church-yhard was tere, your honour, and I was lhooking tere, for fear what I might see; and so mhe mhaister's horse, he was lhooking here, to see what he could see, and so he saw mhore tan he should not have seen; and ten, och! he was so frightened, tat he trew himself off tat way, and hernain-sel off tis way; and so ten I went into te church-yhard wit my head and my fheet, and all; and so tat was peing te whowle trooth."

"You do not mean to say that no more befel you, and that your narrative is done, David?"

"Ooch! Cot pless your honour, she no pe pegun yet—nor half pegun! but I haif lhost howld of her."

"What did you see when you were thrown into the church-yard?"

"Ay; tere she pe on her way now!—So when I puts up my head, I sees a tead lhady lhying in a pluddy shait; so ten I was far more worser affrighted than mhe mhaister's horse; and so ten te great man wit te spade

he comes rhunning and calling mhe to stop, but I would not stop; and so he pursued mhe; and I got home pefore him, and called out fhor mhercy; put mhe mhaister shut me phy te nheck out to te vhile Lowlander again—Cot's lhong tamn pe on him! And so ten te Lhowlander seized me py te nheck, and he drhags mhe away to te church-yard, and ten he would pe asking mhe of tis mhan's grave, and te oder mhan's grave, and all te graves in te whowle world; and I tould him. And so ten he asked if I could show him te purial of te Clhan-Mhore; and I towld him. And so ten he says, Fat new grave pe tis tat's puried here?—And I towld him tat it was Mhaister Jhon's grave tat was puried tere. And he ordhers mhe to beghin and work a grave at te very side of Captain Jhon's grave; and I said I would nhot work a grave in te night. And he pulled out a lhittle pad gun on te sharge, and howlds her to mhy fhace; and ten I mhade te grave, and a very ghood grave she was, and mhore dheep tan two graves; but he stood always over me wit te two

lhittle guns on te sharge. And him was a very ghood fhellow too, if he had not purnt off te shot. So when he tought te grave was dheep enough, tat hersel might not tell any tales, he pangs up, and calls out, 'Morder! morder!' and shot me on te head until I was died. And so ten he goes and he prings te oder corp of te lhady, and lays her alongside apove me, and puried us poth up together. And so tere I was lhying until you heard my cries, and took me out, which was very khind inteed, shentlemans, for she was to have peen very padly off!"

"And is that all truth that you have told me?"

"Every word of it, your honour."

"Well, it so happens, that in the one half of it at least, there is not a true word. But tell me this, did you hear the Lowlander call out 'murder,' before he fired at you."

"Och and you may pe shure she did, your honour."

"And did you likewise hear the report of the gun?"

" And so she did, too, very loud. For she was thinking it had proken up the church !"

" It is plain that this honest fellow is mistaken," said the dark warrior. " Here are our friend's pistols; they are both loaded; and therefore it appears evident to me, that the act has been committed by some brave fellow of our clan, who has knocked down the one and shot the other, and afterwards thrown them both into one grave, from an idea that they were robbing our sepulchres."

" I thank you for the hint, nephew," said the old chief. " You have hit it. And now that I get a right view of it, the matter is self-evident. It must turn out exactly as you say. Henning is shot in the back,—his own pistols both loaded. David heard both the report of the musket and the cry of murder, and all these taken together leave not a shade of doubt how the incidents have followed each other. The issue is a grievous one, but offence has not been meant. And now, David, you are at li-

berty. Here is a guinea for you, but keep all that you have seen and heard to-night a profound secret. Tell it not even to your reverend master, nor to his buxom butler; and, note me, you shall not miss your reward either way."

"Ohon-ou-righ!" exclaimed David. "Te pettermost ting tat your honour can doo would pe to tak her along wit you as one, fat you call an urras, tat is a braighdeangill. For me mhaister might make her tell wit a stick laid on her; and her mustress sell might hunger her into profession. And so your honour may pe needing a grave made very shoone, as I hope, so I will go along wit you; and may te much creat pig tevil take away me mhaister and his prown horse too! As for mustress Sall, it's a very good child if it were not so macnusach, tat is fat you call te whanton."

The party then dispersed with all expedition, taking Davie along with them, and locking the dead body of Henning up in the church. But there was one that heard all this examination, and its final result,

and who treasured it up every word, to use as circumstances might require, and this was no other than pretty Sally, the minister's maid, who knew the peeping and listening holes about the old Manse better than the minister did himself; so well, indeed, that there was very little passed within its walls that she was not mistress of. As soon as the party were fairly gone, he came to her with a rueful countenance. "Sarah, I say, Sarah, I am undone! Quite undone! Hitherto have I been a hypermeter, but now an ambiloquy. This deprehension hath been most unimprovable, and the suscipiency as disingenious. And, Sarah, I say, Sarah, your character is ruined too."

"Hout! I dinna think it, sir. An they kend how little danger I was in, they wadna mak sae muckle about it."

"Sarah! It is a sad alternative for a gentleman of my superlative qualifications, in all matters relating to intelligenciality, to be bound and obligated either to suffer irreclaimable derogation, or enter the state hymenean, with a flower in the very lowest

walks of feminality. Do you comprehend me, Sarah?"

"Hardly, sir."

"I say, Sarah.—To save *your* reputation we must marry. That is plain, Sarah?"

"Very plain, sir. And so we will marry, I hope. But not together, sure?"

"Yes, together, Sarah."

"Then you must get a better man servant than David, sir."

"I say, hold your tongue, Sarah. Wherefore must I do that?"

"Because an ye dinna get a better ane than him, sir, ye will hae a' to do yoursel—that is, I will hae a' to do mysel, sir."

"O, but you will have a maid then, Sarah, which is much better. You will have a maid."

"I dinna ken about that sae weel, sir. But, gae your ways to your bed, for it's quite on i' the morning, an' we'll think about it."

"I wish these friends of my lord's, and his duinhe-wasals be all gone. Some of them

were eyeing you, Sarah. We have seen terrible sights to-night, Sarah. I confess I feel a little afraid to remain alone."

"I'm no ae grain feared, sir. I'll bolt a' the doors, inner an' outer, an' sae'good morning t'ye."

"Sarah, I say, Sarah. Don't be too fiducial, Sarah. Beware of being too fiducial."

Sally was dressed for the courting overnight, and glad to get quit of her formal pedantic master. She bolted all the doors, flew out at the kitchen-window, and, dark as it was, taking her tartan-plaid about her, she hasted down to the hamlet to the residence of Peter Gow the smith. Ere ever she reached the house she perceived that there were lights in it, while all the rest of the village was in darkness. The door was bolted, but she would not rap for fear of giving serious alarm. She therefore sent her well-known voice softly through the window, (not much encumbered with fine glass panes,) and instantly every tongue in the old smith's cot pronounced in Gaelic, Mòr Gil-

naomh, (Sally Niven), and soon and blythely was she admitted. Peter was in a terrible state. He had shot men before that; but the idea of having committed a murder on he knew not who—in all likelihood some honest neighbouring deer-stalker like himself; perhaps some husband, or fond lover, mourning over an untimely grave; or, perhaps, the parson of the parish himself—In short, the singular circumstance of having shot a man for a buck, preyed very deeply on Peter's mind. He had reached home in such a faintish and raving state, that his father and step-mother were obliged to sit up with him. Still he had not summoned so much confidence as to tell them his case, but he talked something of joining Lord Lewis Gordon's regiment as soon as day-light appeared.

"What ir ye doing sae soon asteer, good focks?" said Sally. "Pate, what's come ower ye that ye hae the twa auld fock standing hinging ower your bed at this time o' the morning?"

"Och, and we do little know, pretty Muss

Sally, what is the matter with our good Peter!" said old Margaret. "Him is very sick and raving, and not good at all."

"I can tell you the whole, and it is for that I have come at sic an hour," said Sally. "He has shot one of the followers of Lord Clan-More up at the door o' our kirk. The auld lord an' some o' his gang hae already been at the manse, seeking for the murderer, as they ca' him; an' we hae been a' examined, an' the corpse is lockit up i' the kirk, an' there's siccan a fie-gae-to as never was seen. Now I kend brawly wha did the deed; but yet when our poor Davie was like to be inveigled in it, I took his part; but they hae ta'en him away wi' them. —D'ye hear what I'm saying, Pate?"

"Yes, I do. Who was the man that is shot? Tell me that," said Peter, setting his pale face out of his wattled bed.

"He was a Lowland adventurer, it seems," said Sally; "a man of some account, and great credit with the family. And if ony malice, or design, or blackguard intent, can be made out against the person

that has done the deed, his life's no worth a sma' preen. I ken brawly wha killed the man, for I hae a wee inklin o' the *Spanish language*. But, Peter, ye maun tell me this, and ye maun tell it me privately in my own ear, that nae other witnesses may hear it,—what for did ye shoot the man?"

Peter told her frankly, in a whisper, that he took him for a buck; at which she could not preserve her gravity. She then asked if he saw only one person, to which he answered in the affirmative, and wondered when she told him that there were two of them, the one shot and the other felled on the head with some blunt instrument, and both flung, the one above the other, into an open grave. "Now I can tell ye, Peter," rejoined she, "there is just ae way that ye can save your life. Dinna ask ony mair about the mischance, for the less ye ken about it the better; but if ever ye be ta'en up, just say that ye war gaun to the courtin, (for ye maunna for your life say a word about the deer-stealing,) an' that as ye war gaun by the kirk-yard ye saw somebody raising the

body of the brave Captain John M'Evan at midnight, an' that ye thought that wasna fair, an' that they were some rascals or enemies of the Clan-More, wha deserved a mark to ken them by, an' that, for this purpose, ye ran hame for your gun an' gae them a good thunderin shot, an' came your ways again. Now, Peter, if ye haena the face to tell that, ye're a dead man, an' the sooner ye make your testment the better. But if ye tell that plain blunt story, ye'll baith get honour an' preferment. Do ye see through it? Will ye promise me, that, for the sake o' your ain life, ye'll just tell that story?"

"Och, what then? And so I will," said Peter, taking her hand. "It will do so very good, and tell so very good! Och, what a comfort you have brought to my heart, dear Sally! You must be my own—inteed you must be my own, good Mòr Gilnaomh, for I see I could not live a day without you. And, do you know, Mòr, I lost my plaid, and my bonnet, and gun, all at the church-

yard; shall I go with you and set you home, and try to find them?"

"Na, na, stay whaur you are, Pate. Ye wad make me feared to gang wi' ye, wi' your white ghaist-like face. I suspect there is an armed guard about the kirk the night, an' gin ye war seen gaun stauping about, ye might get as good as ye hae gi'en. Only promise me this, that you will stick by the clue I hae gi'en you, or ye're a lost man."

Peter promised faithfully, and gave Sally his hand on it as she rose to go away. When she turned round, there was old Gow the smith standing with the pint whisky-bottle below his arm, and a horn that would have held a full gill, to give Sally a dram, the only beverage of estimation in the Highlands. But before proffering it, the worthy sire took a bumper himself to the kind toast, "Slàint fallain Mòr Gilnaomh gràdhach," for old Gow had but few words of English; and Sally, after putting it to her lips, tripped away home by herself.

CIRCLE II.

SHE lay down till it was light without casting off her clothes, and then peeping through the garden-hedge, and from the barn-loft, she at last discovered that the church and burial-ground were watched by two clansmen in arms; but as it was now morning, they sat under their plaids in the shelter of the church-gable. She therefore peeped about, from the inside of the garden, till she discovered her lover's plaid and bonnet lying close at the stile by the garden-corner. She soon found means to get hold of these, and, carrying them into the manse, for security she hid them in her own bed, below the mattress. To come at the gun was not such an easy matter. She saw perfectly well where it would be, at the point nearest to the new grave; but to get at it without being seen by the guards, in the

day-time, was impracticable, the church-yard wall being so low, and so many breaches in it. Still she was desirous of having every means of proof in her own power, to produce, or not to produce, as subsequent events required. Therefore, without more ado, she snooded up her raven locks, took her mantle about her, and, going through the barn at the nearest into the church-yard, went up to the two guards. She soon saw that neither of the two had been in the manse the night before with the Chief of the Clan-More, and that they were only vassals, and accosted them with great freedom, making many curious inquiries. The men answered her civilly, and were as curious, on their parts, to know the issue of the investigation in the manse, which she recounted to them, not according to the truth, but according as it suited the whims of her own fancy. "But the warst thing of a'," added she, "they hae away our poor daft servant an' bedlar wi' them, an' I'm sure he's nae mair guilty o't than I am. Come away in, gentlemen, the morning's snell, an' I hae a

good fire i' the kitchen. We'll see what's in the minister's bottle. He disna like ower weel to see mony strangers about the house, honest man, but he'll no be up for these three hours to come. There's muckle good water rins by when the miller sleeps. Come away in, gentlemen."

The two men followed her in with thankful hearts, and she was even better than her word, for she treated them with bread and cheese, and each a quaigh of strong aquavitæ, and conversed with them so freely that they were quite charmed with her.

" Sit still, gentlemen," said she, " and warm yourselves. I am obliged to go out for a little to look after the beasts, for your master having taken our old man from us, I am ostler, dairy-maid, cook, and housekeeper, all in one, here." Then leaving them by the kitchen door, she turned the key behind her, and running through the barn and the church-yard, in two minutes she had the Spanish gun safely deposited below the hay in the barn-loft, for she could not well get it into the manse with-

out being seen. After that she actually went and foddered the beasts, and returned to the men.

Before that time, however, the strong whisky, and that drunk in a cold morning, had loosed the men's tongues, so that they were going on at no easy rate, greatly to the praise of Sally. But the minister had not slept sound that morning. He found that his moral character stood in a questionable light, and was exceedingly uneasy about it. Anon a distant sound of strange voices fell on his ears. He listened for some time with his head and long neck extended over the bed, and the din increasing, he rang the little hand-bell that stood always on the chair at his bed-side. No Sally arrived.—"What can be the meaning of this?" thought the minister. "Who can be in my house so early on a Sabbath morning? And what have they done with my maid Sarah? It will be that vagabond, young Gow, who is never away from her; perhaps he has her in bed, and is holding her there, that she does not answer my summons. I

will inflict retribution on the dog. I will shoot him,—there shall be more corpses than one. I shall certainly dedecorate his concupiscentiality for once."

The minister started from his bed, put on his gown, and strode silently along the entrance; then putting his ear close to the back of the kitchen-door to listen, he heard the following short and unmeaning dialogue. The men's brains were touched by the ardent spirits, and one of them was pretending to be fallen deeply in love with Sally, while the other as jocularly was deploring his case. "It pe a fery pad stroke for you tis, Donald. I doon't know in te whowle world fat te munister will pe saying of it fan he loses his mustress?"

"I doon't care a single but of te tamn for te munister, Ion. I will marriage her, and fat te teal will him say to tat? Pe M'Mari, I'll kuss her pefore him's face, and never say, Mauster Parson, how do you doo?"

"Impertinent and licentious dog!" exclaimed the minister to himself; and at that

moment Sally burst in at the front door upon him, on which he made for his room, cowering along the entrance, and taking immense strides. "Licentious dog!" said he. "He has been in bed with her all this morning; his neighbour has come and caught him there, and now he has no resource but to marry her. It is quite plain, quite plain!"

He rang the little bell furiously, and Sall, who had got a glimpse of him in his retreat, gave the men a wink to go away, and ran to attend her master. "Ohon, Tonald, tere is te pell ringing for te morning service. Te munister will soon pe in te kurk, and we must pe going."

"Fat can I help it?" said Donald, and they went both away, smoking their pipes.

"Sarah—How dare you, Sarah, admit idle and profligate fellows into my house on a Sabbath morning? I say, Sarah, who are those that are in my house?"

"There's naebody i' the house ata', sir, that I ken o'."

"Nobody in the house, Sarah? Nobody

in my house, did you say? Either recant the sentence by a contradictory declaration, or walk out of my presence."

"What am I to do, sir, said ye?"

"Tell me who those are that are in my house."

"There's nae leevin soul i' the house that I ken o', but you an' me, an' the cat, sir."

"This is insufferable, Sarah! Did not I hear the men conversing in the kitchen this minute?"

"Did ye, sir? Are ye sure they warna on the outside o' the house?"

"They were inside the house, Sarah; and more than that, one of them has been in the bed with you all the morning. Will you deny that too?"

"In the bed wi' me, sir? He has been an unco canny ane then, like yoursel, for I never fand him. Hech! That wad hae been something worth the while! But, really, master, there never was a man i' my bed, nor aught belonging to ane; an' the first wha offers to come there, sanna do't for naething."

"Sarah, I say, take notice what you say to me. For I do grievously suspect that your thoughts are only evil, and that continually."

"I daresay they're whiles no very good, sir, but I gie you an' your exhortations a' the wyte."

"Did I ever exhort you to bring men into my house on a Sabbath morning, by day-light, to bear you company, to say no worse of it?—Sarah! Sarah! I heard his whole confession to the other reprobate who was with him. And sorely doth it grieve me to say, and to know, that you are a *ruined-female! Tell* me, I say, who those men are that have been with you all this morning."

"Dear sir, I never saw ony o' them yet."

"Sarah, they are there at this moment, and I will confront you with them. Follow me, I say."

The minister flew into the kitchen, his eyes kindling with wrathful vengeance, while Sally followed him in perfect good humour. He looked every corner hastily,

flew into the scullery, his night-gown streaming far behind him, while the dark-eyed elf could scarcely restrain her mirth,—came back again into the kitchen—" They are hid in the bed!" said he, flinging open its two leaves; the bed-clothes were lying in a heap at the farther side. " Ah! I knew it! I knew it! Here they have been, and here one of them is yet!"

He flung the clothes over to the bed-foot, and by that time Sally pulled him by the gown, saying, " For shame, master! What's that ye're about?" She made him come swinging back to the middle of the floor, but not before he had seized the lap of Peter Gow's plaid, which, with his bonnet, came bolting over the bed. The minister grinned with the rage of jealousy; his teeth clenched together, and his whole frame trembled and started as if seized with sudden cramps. His first motion was to seize the plaid and bonnet, and throw them on the fire; but this last catastrophe Sally prevented, by taking hold of them, and crying out, " Peace be wi' us! stop, sir! I wad-

na that ye singit a hair on thae things for a' ye're worth. That plaid an' bonnet belanged to a brother o' mine, an' I never sleep but with them aneath my head. Whenever I gang out to my prayers I take that plaid about me, an' I never part wi't i' the night-time, for fear o' losing the remembrance o' the best o' men, an' the kindest o' brothers."

"Sarah,—I say, Sarah,—I never knew that you had lost a brother before. I never heard of such a thing."

"Eh, yes, sir. But I never mention his name to onybody; nor will I tell ye how he came by his death, because it may gar ye think less o' me."

"No, it will not, Sarah.—Poor girl!—You have a kind heart, Sarah. If you had all the failings in the world, you have a kind benevolent heart, and are blessed with a good natural temper."

Sally could tell her master anything but truth in all that related to the other sex. Every woman is the same in this respect; only many of their stories approximate

somewhat to the truth. Sally's ran exactly in an opposite direction. Again, many of their stories are so framed, as that, by a little forcing, they can be made to bear two constructions, or three in a great pinch; and one of these may have some shades of truth. Not so our Sally's; they could only bear one construction, which had no connexion with truth whatsoever.

But this morning she felt that she had rather played too unfair a game with her master, and resolved to humour his bad propensities, and at the same time gratify a desire that she had of trying a certain experiment.

"Do you know, master, that I have had temptations this morning to make a very bad use o' these things o' my poor brother's," said she. "At least I fear it would be a very bad use; but I would not venture to do it without consulting you. That young smith o' ours is, I suspect, nane o' the best o' characters?"

"Sarah,—I say, Sarah,—he is one of the very worst of characters; therefore beware of

him. A most pestiferous character!—idle, unprincipled, debauched! I never heard you make so prudent a remark, Sarah. I say, beware of him."

"He comes often rattling an' whispering about this house,—in the night-time, too,—I whiles suspect he has some designs on me. Now what would you think, sir, if I gaed down to the Justice, an' made affidavit, that that plaid an' bonnet belanged to Pate, an' that I got them lying about the kirkyard dyke this morning? That wad prove him the murderer; an' then he will either strap for it, or be banished the country,—an' we'll be weel quit o' a great skemp. If ye thought I might venture to do that, sir, without sinning away my soul awthegither, I could trim him for aince."

"Why, Sarah, the object is a most desirable object, and one that will preponderate if laid in the balance against many lesser crimes. When we do a little evil that a great good may come, our conduct is laudable, and we may hope for forgiveness. The goodness and congruity, or evilness, unfit-

ness, and unseasonableness, of moral and natural action, fall not within the verge of a brutal faculty; and as every distinct being has somewhat peculiar to itself, to make good in one circumstance what it wants in another, I therefore think, Sarah, that the incommensurability of the crime with the effect, completely warrants the supersaliency of this noctivagant delinquent."

"D'ye mean, that it is my duty to gie him up, then?"

"I do so opine, Sarah. I will likewise go and hear your information given in and confirmed, lest it be only a fit of jealousy, and lest so good a design should drop.—But let it be to-morrow, Sarah, for remember this is the Sabbath."

"I never thought o' that, sir, but shall certainly do it to-morrow."

"Sarah, I love you for this resolution, Sarah. I was afraid of your virtue with that vagabond, but now——How I do admire your spirit, Sarah!"

Sally went down to the Castle of Balmillo on the Monday morning with the bonnet and the plaid, and the minister fol-

lowed on his bay nag in a short time. The Chief was not at home, he being with the Earl of Loudoun at Inverness; but the lady kept court there, and that in a style of princely splendour, for high guests were expected. The parson requested permission to speak a word with her; and being admitted, he told her the story of the murder committed in their parish church-yard, during the night of Saturday, on a gentleman belonging to the suite of the Clan-More, and how his maid had made some discoveries on the following morning by break of day that could not fail of leading to the perpetrator.

"It is fortunate for her," replied Lady Balmillo; "for the old knave, my father-in-law, has offered a high reward to any one who will discover the doer of this dark deed, and has authorized me to do the same. For my part, I care not if he and the whole whig fraternity that hang about him were sent the same road, were it not for my own husband, whom he has likewise inveigled into his crooked counsels. I hate all this shuffling and changing of sides, parson, that we

see so much of. Like the race of my father's house, when I take a side, I take it for loss or gain—life or death; and you see I have parted from my husband on that ground for the present, although never lady more loved her lord. But tell me, good parson,—for you must know something of the matter,—what did all this mysterious business about the church-yard by night mean? What were the old lord and his followers doing there at midnight? I cannot comprehend it."

"Nor I, madam; and, although I know a part, I am on the whole as ignorant as you are. But the little that I do know, I have been conjured never to divulge; and therefore, lovely lady, the light must emanate on your comprehension from some other object of reflexibility. My maid knows all that I do; if she pleases to inform your honourable ladyship, I have no objections. But I judge it the duty of a messenger of peace to give no offence."

"In such times as these it may be ticklish, parson. A manse thatched with hea-

ther would make a good blaze to warm an incensed clan on a cold morning.—I hear you have the impertinence, in the middle of *my* clan,—I say *my* clan, for they have renounced my husband to a man,—to pray for the Elector of Hanover every Sunday."

"I am a moderate man, Lady Balmillo, temperate, and experienced; I pray for those in lawful authority over us, and farther I venture not."

"You are a proper man, sir, for my father-in-law,—a man that can keep two strings to his bow. You, among others, have got a letter from Duncan Forbes, I suppose; that unjust Judge, who is losing his time, his substance, and his soul, in supporting a usurper."

"Why, madam, you ladies are always so violent politicians, it is not safe to enter the lists with you; I must therefore drop the confabulation, and fall into total obmutescence."

"You won't pray for Prince Charles, then?—Or his father; or his followers, won't you?—You shake your head.—Do

you know how many brave fellows I have in arms?"

"No, madam, I do not."

"You shall know then; for, unless you pray for the Prince, I will quarter 300 on yourself next week, and 300 more on the rest of your whig parishioners."

"I will pray for him, madam. Shall I officiate just now?"

"No. Get you gone about your business. Whoever prays for my Prince must do it voluntarily; and whoever follows him must do the same. None of your cajolers, and wheedlers, and Duncan Forbeses with us; we raise the standard of our country, and of our own true king, and if that speak not for itself, no one shall do so for it.—Parson, I will detain your servant for examination. The old lord will be here to-day with his retinue, for the interment of that Lowlander, who, it seems, was the apple of his eye. Your maid shall tell him what she knows, and claim her reward. Perhaps she may be obliged to go to Inverness, to be examined before the Sheriff."

"I cannot well spare her, madam, and would rather that you would question her yourself and let her return; for the old Chief has taken away my servant-man, and should you likewise detain my maid, I am destitute."

"Go home, go home, she shan't be detained long if I can prevent it."

The parson went away, and left Sarah at the Castle with very ill will; and as soon as he was gone, the Lady Balmillo sent for the maid, and tried to worm everything out of her; but Sally said she knew not what the Lowlander and the Chief were doing there by night—Burying some treasure, she supposed, or perhaps some person of distinction whom they had popped quietly off the stage. The lady grew breathless with anxiety, and resolved to investigate the matter by some means or other. But while she and the maid were still together, the old Chief of the Clan-More arrived. He manifested the most perfect respect and kindness toward his daughter-in-law, although they had espoused opposite sides, and might meet any day in the

field as mortal enemies; but she was haughty and reserved towards him. He recognized Sally at once; and the scene of the barn-loft recurring to his mind, a half-formed smile rather darkened than brightened his calm specious face. Where there's no guilt there's no abashment. Sally laughed in his face; and he being informed that she had something to communicate, he requested permission to examine her by herself. This the lady took amiss, expecting to be present at the conference; but the old Chief continued steady to his aim, telling her with a smile that she was not of their counsels for the present. Sally produced her documents, and told her tale—he commended her greatly, saying, she should meet her reward, but there would be a necessity for her appearance at Inverness to give witness before the proper authorities. She said she rejoiced in that, for she was a perfect slave with the minister, and never got over his door save to the church; "but," added she, "I little ken how he will brook the want o' me, for ye hae

ta'en away our man, an' he canna do without somebody."

"Perhaps we may find a method of bringing him along with you," said he. "Think you there are no means of implicating him, in order to humble him a little farther?"

"O, dear sir, he's humble eneugh already," quoth she. "Ye hae nae mair to do that way. He's sae frighted for you, an' about his character, that he offered me marriage the neist morning after ye catched him an' me i' the strae-laft thegither. But, however, I can gie ye a hint, an ye be for a little sport."

She did so, and he dismissed her, charging her to be at Inverness on the following day before noon. As she left the Castle, she perceived the Chief's train waiting at the gate with an empty bier, while some of better account were walking about in the court of the Castle. She hasted home, and in a little while the party came, and interred the body of Mr Henning on the very outer skirts of the Clan-More's burial-ground. The old Chief then despatched a party to

the village to apprehend the smith, without hinting aught of the information he had got, desiring them to wait at the Castle until he joined them. At the same time he went to take cognizance of the minister, and summoning him into his presence, he said there were many suspicious circumstances in the appearance of matters about the manse that night, such as his forcing out his servant to the church-yard: That servant being found in a bloody grave, along with the murdered man—taking shelter in the manse, and letting out some hints about his master. "And the last two things, parson, look the worst of any," added he. "You and your pretty maid were sitting witnessing the scene all the while, in a place whence you could easily have perpetrated the murder, or caused some other to have done it under your directions. In the next place, you pleaded that your own old servant might be executed immediately, on presumptive evidence, which looked very like as if you had been afraid of his telling tales."

"Ah, my lord, these things will all be explained to your satisfaction. My servant-maid has discovered tergeminous proof of the perpetrator."

"I know it. But that only increases my suspicion, lest it be a deep-laid scheme to entrap an innocent person. I desire, therefore, to search the manse, to still the clamours of some of my friends; but I shall do everything in your own presence, and with the utmost lenity and deference to your feelings, because you are on the *right side*."

The minister gave him up the keys, declaring that he was at liberty to search the whole premises; and therefore, with the same friends who were with him on the Saturday evening, he proceeded to make a sham search. At length he led the way toward the barn-loft, pretending that the circumstances of that surprisal still haunted his mind, as a thing altogether out of the common course, and that he dreaded there must be something concealed under it. The minister declined attending the party to that spot, on pretence of being ashamed

even to think of it; although he assured them he entered it on that momentous night with a heart free of all guile, or evil intentions; nor had the corruptibleness of constitutional enormity been at all moved during the period of his acclusion. They, however, compelled him to accompany them, that no advantage might be taken on any false pretence. At first they began to search with great caution, lest perchance they might discover a button, or something, however small, that might lead to testify somewhat of the minister's motive for being there at such an hour. But behold, on turning over the hay, below which the minister had been found himself, there lay the great Spanish gun, with the dogshead down, and just as she had been discharged of the fatal shot. "I suspected as much," said the old Chief; but the rest of the head-clansmen looked at the minister with utter astonishment, and some of them with pity. If they had had just perceptions, they might have seen he was taken at unawares, and could not be guilty; but they read his despair and un-

intelligible protestations all the wrong way. The Chief said he would not take him along with them, exposing him as a prisoner; but would leave two of his friends with him as a guard, who would accompany him to Inverness the day following; and he would also charge his maid to appear as a witness on both cases.

The old lord then bent his way, at the head of the rest of his followers, to the Castle, where he found Peter the smith in custody, but claimed by his daughter-in-law most peremptorily, as one of her clansmen, whom she would not suffer to be taken out of her domains. "What chance have my people if they are to be tried by a whig magistrate?" said she. "No! If any of them are to be tried, save by myself, they shall stand before another tribunal. That man is one of my regiment, and one of the best men in the bravest regiment of Britain—He is only here on command for the repairing of arms; and are my brave clansmen to be hauled away, to be tried before a mock magistrate, set up under the auspices of the

Elector of Hanover, a government which they have renounced?"

"Daughter, I have spoken much to you, and all in vain," said the old Chief. "You are backed in your wild principles by my powerful clan; and, therefore, in this place you are not to be controlled—I know it—You reign invincible here for the present, and I pretend not to thwart your control. All that I request is, that you will speak and act with moderation—you know not yet on which side the scales will turn."

"But *you* know, or think you know, my lord. And both yourself and my husband have chosen what you judge to be the safe side, leaving a poor inexperienced woman the post of honour and of danger—You are deserters—The clan is now *my* clan, and we will stand or fall together. This young man you take not from under my roof; but you may examine him here if you have a mind, though only in my presence."

He shewed no disposition for farther resistance; so Peter was brought in and examined, the bonnet and plaid being produ-

ced. Peter had been in a sad taking when he found himself in the hands of the whigs; but now that he found himself claimed by Lady Balmillo, the idol of the whole clan, he answered freely and boldly—He acknowledged at once that the plaid and the bonnet were his, answering precisely as Sally had bidden him. He said he was going by, near to the church-yard, at a very late hour, on a courting expedition; and perceiving some people digging up the corpse of the very captain that had led him to the field, he was driven mad with indignation; and running home, he brought his great gun and fired on them with small bullets. But that when he heard one of them roar out "murder," he was so astounded that he absolutely lost his senses, and went home without his plaid and bonnet, which he had left at a different corner of the kirk-yard, that he might get within shot of the wretches unseen. His gun had struck him and knocked him over, he said, and he was so stupified, that he left her too, for he did not know what he was doing.

The tale was so plain, and the truth so apparent, that it was at once believed; and Lady Balmillo commended Peter's resolution to the skies. "And pray tell me, sir, what had your whig Lowlander to do with the body or the grave of my late brave cousin? I would like to know that," added she, addressing herself to her father-in-law.

"That is nothing to our present purpose," said he. "The man was there by my command, which is, I think, sufficient in aught that relates to that burial-ground."

"You acted with great propriety, smith," said she. "The time, the place, and the occupation, which he was engaged in, were highly equivocal; and I say you have acted right."

"No, sirrah, you have not acted right," rejoined the Chief. "You should have challenged the man, and asked his intent; and then, if he had refused to desist, or to explain his purpose, he deserved your vengeance. However, as there was no robbery committed,—for although the gentleman had both money and many valuable

things about his person, all remained untouched,—I believe that your motive originated in the best of feelings. I love and admire the man who respects and venerates the ashes of his kindred, and the sepulchres where they are deposited, especially those of the family of his Chief, and wish rather to cherish such a spirit, than put it down. I therefore, even for this questionable interference, constitute you chief keeper of my forests, with all the emoluments that have ever been enjoyed by any of your predecessors; so that you may have an opportunity of using your large gun to better purpose; and though I have now virtually given up my rights all over this district to my son, and daughter here, I know that, at my recommendation, the appointment is sure."

"It is confirmed as far as my right goes to confirm it," said the lady; "and I truly think, sir, you could not have made a fitter choice."

Peter never got such a benefit conferred on him as this, nor ever expected such a

one. Some thought that if a present had been made him of all the lands belonging to the Clan-More, with all the forests that encircle them, he could not have been so much uplifted as he was by this charge of the stags, hinds, deers, and roebucks on these limitless wastes; with liberty to bring down one when and where he listed. It was manifest to every one, that, in granting this bequest to Peter, the old Chief wished to humour his daughter-in-law; and it farther confirmed the general belief, that he heartily approved of her measures, in raising and equipping the clan for the cause of the House of Stuart. He was all the while busy espousing the other side; active, and jealous, in no ordinary degree, and kept his son under his strict control; but both their interests united, could not support King George with half the efficiency that this young and celebrated dame did the interests of Prince Charles.

Peter Gow the smith actually went out to the Castle-green after the old Chief was gone, and danced for joy; and being told

who had instituted the suit, he blessed her kind and lucky contrivance; but could not help wishing to himself, with a sigh, that it might come to good, being obtained solely by a string of downright falsehoods. Hearing that she was going to Inverness, he asked leave of Lady Balmillo to accompany her; but this she would in nowise grant, for fear of the whigs entrapping him, which she said was all that the old fox wanted when he conferred such a benefit. Peter vowed that no benefit on earth should ever make him lift arms against his true and lawful Prince, and the clans with whom he had already fought and always to conquer.

And now, my party being all dispersed, and the principal ones gone, or on their way to Inverness, I must shift the scene for a little to that city, and set out on a new circle, starting a few days anterior to the one which I here close.

CIRCLE III.

THE Earl of Loudoun kept Inverness at this time in a sort of blockade. He was an active officious gentleman; and being eager to obtain preferment, made a great buzz and bustle, on the breaking out of the Highland rebellion against the House of Hanover. He raised a regiment mostly of eastern Highlanders; and putting himself at their head, joined issues with the celebrated hero Sir John Cope, being constituted his adjutant-general. But, unluckily, at the battle of Tranent, he lost the whole regiment, officers and men, excepting himself. This was highly discouraging, and he took it exceedingly ill; but being resolved to put down the rebellion, nevertheless, as soon as Prince Charles marched into England, he took the contrary route, thinking he had got

enough of him for the present. Having loaded a sloop with arms and money, he sailed to the north—landed at Inverness; and using all his interest with the whig gentlemen in that quarter, he soon got together an army of about two thousand four hundred men. Remaining in that station, he found means, by his activity, in a great measure, to cut off all correspondence between Charles and his northern adherents, which, without doubt, proved highly injurious to the cause of the Highlanders. He had pickets established on all the roads, both public and private; and no person whatever, whether of the highest or lowest rank, was suffered to pass without a signed warrant. There were many Jacobites of high rank in the city, chiefly ladies, and these had meetings every night, devising means of furthering the communication between the different parties of their friends. These dames were so well known to be trustworthy, that whatever could be conveyed to their hands was considered as perfectly safe; and the means that they often contrived of

accomplishing their purposes, excited the admiration of the Prince and his officers.

But whenever the Earl of Loudoun learned that the clans were advancing north upon him, his vigilance was increased threefold. No pass-warrant was granted, southward in particular, save to people employed by himself; and those who attempted passing by unfrequented tracks, were fired upon, and numbers of Highlanders shot, and even hanged up on suspicion, both on these and on the highways. The Earl had intelligence of the nocturnal meetings and contrivances of these illustrious dames, but he could not well use any more severe measures with them than he had done. He, however, looked well to their husbands, and male relations, who durst scarcely so much as be seen speaking to them.

The old Chief of the Clan-More had two lovely daughters, who were both joined in this Jacobite union. They had been bred up by their mother in the principles of the Catholic religion; and though she had been removed from their head by death, they re-

tained still the higher reverence for all its rites and doctrines; and looking to the House of Stuart as the fathers and supporters of that religion in Scotland, they espoused the cause of that house, with an enthusiasm that was only increased by opposition. Their names were Sybil and Barbary; and they had an aunt, and two cousins, also of the party; so that all the females of that house were on the one side of politics, and the males on the other. The letters from the north, from the Frazers, Chisholms, and M'Kenzies, to the Prince and his officers, accumulated on the hands of our dauntless sisterhood, to the amount of forty; and dreading that the ultimate success of their great cause might hinge on these letters, they became altogether impatient, every one casting about for some opportunity whereby to avail the whole. Some great master-stroke of policy was meditated by them all, conjunctly and severally; but they were a party suspected, and closely watched, and no one cared to engage with them.

Word arrived that the Prince, at the head of the midland clans, had crossed the heights of Athol; and that Lord Lewis Gordon had come over the Spey with the van of the eastern division. The bustle and vigilance about Inverness were excessive. Loudoun posted messenger after messenger into Ross and Sutherland, to hasten supplies of men; and boasted, that he would cut the divisions of the Prince's army to pieces, before their junction. Our club of fair Jacobites were terribly incensed at him, and longed exceedingly to dupe him. There was a perfect freedom of intercourse within the city, but no communication suffered with those without it; every letter was opened at the post-office that was not endorsed by the Earl, or one of his commissioners; and every messenger without a warrant was stripped, searched, maltreated, and forced to return.

Lady Sybil had two ardent admirers in the town, but both of them had espoused the side in opposition to hers, which made

her treat them both haughtily for the present. The two young gentlemen were violent opponents, and jealous of each other in the extreme. Their families had been at variance for ages, and the animosities of former days were renewed between these two in all their primitive rancour. It was not wholly on Lady Sybil's account; for they had quarrelled, and challenged each other, at college; but by the interposition of friends, the difference was made up. For the sake of the families to whom they belonged, who are both flourishing at this day, I must content myself with giving their Christian names only,—these were, Kenneth and Hugh. On their return to the north, to head, or support their kinsmen, they came exactly in contact again. The former paid his addresses first to Sybil, when Hugh, perhaps partly out of rivalship, immediately opposed him; and at all their dancing parties, which were frequent, appeared to be the favoured lover, although in fact he was not, for she loved the other,

but out of levity, or some whim, appeared always to be giving Hugh the preference; thereby furnishing a strong instance of that perilous propensity inherent in every woman's breast, of which I would so fain warn them to beware. A propensity to mislead every person in all that relates to the state of their affections.

One night she gave her hand reluctantly to Hugh, after absolutely refusing it to Kenneth at a country-dance. The blood of the latter was boiling within him; and, taking an opportunity of quarrelling with the other about the precedency of places in the dance, he whispered a word of defiance in his ear once more. A second challenge ensued; they fought, and Hugh wounded and disarmed him. Sybil was exceedingly offended with her favourite lover on account of this; and to mortify him still farther for his testy humour, she gave her countenance the more to his successful rival, until at length Kenneth was so much humbled that she began to relent.

In the great extremity of the party,

therefore, she applied to him one night. "Though you affect rather to shun my company now, Captain Kenneth," said she; "yet I feel I have more faith in you than in any other. I am, therefore, going to ask a particular favour of you, and you must not refuse me. I am extremely anxious to visit my sister-in-law at the Castle of Balmillo, in order to be present at the entertainment of some illustrious guests that are there expected. But owing to my unfortunate politics, and the jealousy of our governor, I find it impossible to effect this. What I request of you is, that you will procure a pass-warrant for yourself and servant to visit your whig relations on Spey side, and suffer me to accompany you, as your page, as far as Balmillo."

"There will be some traitorous correspondence in this case?" said he.

"Not a jot," replied she. "If you doubt my testimony, and are suspicious of danger, I will suffer any female friend of yours to search me. Only lend me a habit, and suffer me to ride in your company as far as the

Castle of Balmillo—that is the extent of my request."

Kenneth hesitated, though with the most determined resolution to comply. He was just about to propose another, and a safer course, but the high spirit of Lady Sybil took the alarm. "I see you are not disposed to oblige me in this," said she; "but there is no harm done, as at all events I can depend on your honour in never mentioning the trivial request. I may perhaps find some other who——"

By the time she had proceeded thus far, she had the handle of the door in her hand, and was retiring with precipitation—"Lady Sybil," said he, "I beseech you——" She dropped a low courtesy, and shut the door.

Kenneth was so overcome with vexation, that the whole party noted it, and rallied him on an apparent quarrel with his mistress, on exchanging only a word with her. Having the charge of other two ladies of the party, he could not get away in search of her that night. The next morning, she

was not to be found by him; but before dinner, he perceived, by looking into the lists, that a warrant was granted to his opponent to ride southward with a servant.

This was a conquest gained over him, that his proud spirit could not bear, and of which he had had it in his power to have deprived him. He could not in honour discover the plot to the governor, or his authorities; but he resolved to frustrate it; and it has always been suspected that he also resolved to have revenge on his adversary, who had now reduced him to a state so low in his own estimation, that it was no longer tolerable.

In spite of all the researches I have been able to make, there is a blank in my narrative here, that I found it impossible to supply; but the following is perfectly authenticated; that, in Captain Kenneth's department, who commanded an extensive division of the pickets that night, a rebel spy was challenged and shot, and Kenneth

appeared at the office with forty traitorous letters, which had been found in the villain's custody, all of the most flagrant and dangerous tendency. The news was over the city by the break of day, to the joy of the one party, and the utter dismay of the other; though not a word was uttered by any of the latter, save that they expressed great wonder who the sufferer could have been. The body was not forthcoming, which was an unspeakable relief to the Jacobites. The guards who slew him and rifled his pockets, had pursued his attendant for ten miles; but he had escaped in the dark; and on their return, the body of the murdered man had disappeared. A rule had been made to leave the signed pass with the officer of the outermost guard, that a comparison of notes might be made the ensuing day; and it might be made apparent, that no unwarrantable use had been made of the favour granted. Kenneth had not the smallest doubt that it was his rival who was shot, and rejoiced at the discovery that it had not been done for nothing; but he

was sorry that his men had suffered the lady to escape. Kenneth had not acted fairly; and there is little doubt that he had a few confidential clansmen out beyond the established guard, to intercept his rival; for when he came to the office next day with the correspondence, fully convinced that he had got rid of his opponent, and that the letters would prove both him and his house traitors, to his utter surprise, Hugh was the very first man he set his eyes on. Hugh came to the office on hearing the news, as fully convinced that it was Kenneth who had fallen; so that it may be conceived with what startled surprise the two encountered each other. Hugh's pass-warrant had been used, and was regularly returned from the outermost guard; but there was Hugh, who had *not* used it. Here was a dilemma apparently inexplicable, and suspicions were turned on Hugh; but the long and steady adherence of his family and name to the Protestant succession, soon quelled these, though Kenneth did not scruple avowedly to foment

them. There was scarcely a doubt that this traitorous correspondence, which made a grievous business to many families, had been attempted to be forwarded under the sanction of Hugh's pass; and the only account of the matter that he ever gave, was, that it was stolen from him, which, after all, was scarcely probable. Wiled from him it had been by some means; for he believed it had been given to Kenneth, whose family principles were but at the best highly dubious, and that he had suffered for his temerity, and for supplanting him in the favour and confidence of his mistress. However, both the gentlemen were there safe; the lady only was missing; and as they were assured in their own minds that she had made her escape, both of them had the honour never to mention the circumstance of her application. There the matter rested, and farther none of them knew. The life of a man, or the lives of half a dozen men, were very little accounted of at that day, and none cared to investigate the matter farther.

But the spirit of investigation soon sprung up in another quarter. The midnight interment in the church-yard of Balmillo, and the guards still kept stationed there day and night, confirmed Lady Balmillo that a part of the Prince's intercepted treasure had been there concealed; for, improbable as such a circumstance certainly was, she could perceive no other motive for such a singular proceeding. Therefore, on the very day that the rest of the party went to Inverness, she sent Peter Gow, with two or three rustics, to challenge the guards at the church, and order them out of her country. He went accordingly, and said his message, telling them that his lady suspected them for whig spies, and that, if they were not out of her country in three hours, he had orders to seize them, and carry them to the Prince's headquarters at Ruthven. The men said they had orders from the old Chief to watch there day and night, till relieved by others, but to meddle with no person, except such as attempted to violate the sepulchres of the

Clan-More. Peter said the old man was a very good man, and he was greatly obliged to him; but he was not master there for the present, and so it behoved them to pack up and be going. The men were obliged to comply; and, as soon as they were fairly gone, Peter and his associates, as they had been commanded, opened the new grave, and, to the horror of all present, found the body of Lady Sybil lying wrapped in a bloody sheet, with the wounds still green and oozing, two balls having passed through her elegant and lovely frame. Lady Balmillo was instantly seized with the idea that she had been put down by her father's house for her violent attachment to the religion of her fathers, and the regal rights of the Stuarts, and her spirit revolted from the family of her most sacred connexion. Lady Balmillo was wrong; but that some deed of darkness had been committed was manifest.

From the short outline of the facts here given, almost a true inference may be made out; but I pretend not to illustrate it far-

ther, giving it merely as a lamentable instance of the effects of equivocation, from which the most superior class of the sex cannot refrain.

CIRCLE IV.

THE chain of events now seemed leading to some great and tremendous crisis. Every day came fraught with new accounts of rapid and unexpected movements, skirmishes, and sieges. The Highland army lay in small bodies, from the one sea to the other, and all of them engaged in some adventurous exploit. The Clan-Ronald, Camerons, and Appin-Stuarts, lay in Lochaber, beleaguering Fort-William. The Clan-More had surprised and defeated two parties of the King's troops in Athol and Rannoch, both on the same morning, taking the most of them prisoners. Colonel Roy Stewart did the same at Keith; and in Strathbogie, the Gordons, Ogilvies, and Farquharsons, lay so near the King's dragoons, that they were seldom above a mile

separated every night, and their out-parties were constantly firing at each other, by way of salutation. It was a time of the utmost interest to all concerned, and to none more than Lady Balmillo, who was threatened with fire and foray by the Earl of Loudoun on the one hand, and by the Grants on the other; and, though encouraged by frequent messages from Prince Charles, all of the most cheering nature, she began to be in some dismay; for Lord Loudoun boasted aloud, before all his officers, that, before the 20th of the month, he would shew them the mock-Prince, in the town of Inverness, either dead or alive.

On the evening of the day that the body of Lady Sybil was dug up and inspected, who should arrive at the Castle of Balmillo, but Prince Charles himself, accompanied only by Cluny, Colonel M'Gillavry, Sullivan, two French gentlemen, and five troopers of the Clan-More, as their guards? So privately had they advanced, that the lady knew not of their approach, until they alighted at the gate, nor indeed, it may almost be said, un-

til Prince Charles had her in his arms. The pride, the joy, and the happiness of Lady Balmillo, were now at their height, for she perfectly adored the young Adventurer, looking on him as a model of all that was amiable, brave, and illustrious among mankind. But, in expressing her affection for him, she could find no other terms so ready, as in venting her indignation against his enemies, which she did with an enthusiasm and regret, that absolutely brought tears into the Prince's eyes.—"O my brave and most benign liege Prince!" said she, "how I do blush for my countrymen! If it had not been for the perversity of a few leading individuals, who choose never to side with the majority of the Chiefs in any one object, the British crown would ere this have encircled your brow, as your father's representative, and not a tongue would have dared to wag in dissent! But those who have thwarted your efforts in obtaining your own, will meet their reward some day! If Duncan Forbes of Culloden, and his race, do not rue what he has done for the cause of a usurper—if

he or they meet with aught but ingratitude and neglect, for efforts such as never were made by a single and private individual,—then is the nature of the German changed, and good may come out of evil! If the Campbells, and the M'Donalds of Skye, continue to thrive in this world, the hand of Heaven is reversed, and men may exult in their disloyalty and wickedness! As for my own husband, you must pardon him, my liege, for what his weaker half has done for your interest—Would to God she could have done as much again! But she will yet do more, if her vengeance is suffered to have its full sway!"

"I vow to you that it shall, my charming and esteemed friend," said he; "and that mine shall keep pace with it in its highest efforts of chivalry and devotion to a cause, which, if I had not deemed it a just one, never should have been undertaken by me. Though a few friends have proved false to me, I cannot believe that it is from the purpose of their hearts, but that they are swayed by some cunning and interested

counsels. If in due time they should shake themselves free of such encumbrances, and return to their ancient loyalty, how joyfully will I forgive them! I have been obliged to return to you and the North, my lady, for two overpowering reasons, neither of which are in the least akin to despondency, although my enemies are industrious in circulating such an insinuation. The first of them was, the distrust that my brave clans had of the English, which I was sorry, in the course of my progress through that country, to see more and more confirmed; the second was, the having left the estates of my adherents and followers exposed to ravage at home. The Campbells were laying Appin and Lochaber waste; the men of Strathbogie, and the Grants, were sacking all around them; and here is this John Campbell, styled Earl of Loudoun, come blustering into the very midst of my adherents, and threatening to leave us neither root nor branch. I have never once faced the Elector of Hanover's forces that I have not driven them from the field like sheep, and cut them

down with as much ease ; and therefore, because I have returned to the mountains, and the homes of my true friends, to protect them from insult, I hope I shall not be the less esteemed, or the less welcome to the flower of female heroism, loyalty, and beauty."

" I had much need of some to protect me, my liege," returned she ; " for I was, in truth, left almost defenceless in the midst of powerful enemies ; but, for your sake, I rejoiced in my jeopardy, and had determined to retire to the wastes and fastnesses of the forest with the remainder of my clan, and dwell among the ptarmigans, rather than succumb, in word or deed, to your insulting foes. But, now that I see your Royal Highness again, with all your clans at your back, unbroken and unconquered, I feel as if I were Empress of the North, and this slender arm had the wielding of the energy of a nation !"

" Thanks to my first protecting angel of the human race !" said he. " I take this opportunity, my dear lady, before your own kinsmen, and these, my friends, of acknow-

ledging my great obligations to you, and of thanking you, in my father's name and my own, for your most potent and efficient support. I acknowledge that, of all the chiefs and nobles of the land,—and many of them have done much,—none has sent me such a body of men, either in numbers or in power, as your ladyship; and, opposed as you have been by your husband and his powerful friends, I regard the supply as a prodigy. And now, here is a necklace, that was presented to me by a lady abbess, with injunctions to bestow it, with her blessing, on the lady in Scotland whom I held in the highest esteem—I bestow it here, and request leave to lock it about that comely neck. I also accompany it with this inestimable gift of his High Holiness.—In this gold box is contained an absolution of all transgressions, to that lady of Scotland who shall effect most for the true and righteous cause and line of succession."

"Pray, may I be so free as ask your Royal Highness if the sins *to come* are included?" said Sullivan.

"Wherefore that query, my lord?" returned the Prince.

"I merely wanted to know, your Highness, if his Holiness had the foresight and the precaution to add a concomitant so necessary. Should the heirs of Balmillo ever more rise against your house, it strikes me that the dye of their crime may be ten times deeper than that of the present lord."

"That is a little French breeding, my lady," said Charles.—"If you colour for every flippant jest of his, the blush will never be off your cheek."

"Oo, de bloosh!" said De Lancey, one of the Frenchmen—"dat is de very ting dat I do love to see!—De bloosh!—It is so very pritty—it be so like de roz—Pritty flower dat same roz, miladi?—Eh?—Oo, I do love de bloosh wit my soul!"

"But, farther than all this, my lady," added the Prince, "that I may not be ungrateful for such support as yours, I hereby promise to grant you your first request, whatever it may be, if in my power to bestow."

"I take you at your word, my liege—it

shall soon be asked. I request that, at the head of my clan, you will advance upon Inverness, and beat that braggart, John Campbell, with his constellation of whigs about him, to a ninny.—If you take him, I shall request the keeping of him for a season; but, as he is likely to take care of that, and run, then I pray that you will chase him like a dog with a canister at his tail, till he either run himself into the sea, or burrow in the earth."

"It is granted, my lady. I have fifteen hundred followers, who claim you as their head—If, with these alone, I beat not my Lord Loudoun and his huge army to powder, I give you leave to desert me, and that is the last grant I would deign to make."

"Oh, how I would like to lead the van, and see such a triumph! To bleed—to suffer, in a cause so honourable! Had it pleased Heaven to have cast this slender mould of mine in that of a sterner sex, my first vengeance should have fallen on the heads of my ungrateful countrymen. Accursed be the hand that deserts the glaive, when

called to support the rights of an injured Sovereign! The dastardly behaviour of the English——"

"Hold, hold, my dear lady!—I cannot hear a word spoken against the English. I know England is hearty in my cause, because I know it is impossible she can be otherwise—A sense of justice must dictate it. She cannot for a moment doubt that the crown of these realms belongs to me and my father's house; and to visit the errors of the fathers upon the children is incompatible with the rectitude of the English character. England *must* be faithful to me; but then she must have her own way; she must do all herself, else she will do nothing. She was jealous of the clans for taking the lead in a restoration, which, of all things, she had most at heart, and therefore, for the present, she kept aloof; but I will never believe that England can entertain a resolution so ungenerous as to exclude me for ever from the heritage of my fathers.—Their grievous errors were no faults of mine—their children have undergone a hard penance for

these; and the school of adversity is the school of reform.—But enough of this. Tell me when this engagement of mine is expected to be ratified by its fulfilment?"

"As soon as the troops can advance to action. Ah, my liege Prince! you little know the tyranny that he is exercising here among those attached to your interest. There is no insult or damage in his power to inflict, from which we are exempted. Oh, for the sake of honest men's and women's noses, let the badger be ferreted out of his stronghold! To see that parasite of a foreign lout humbled, would I lay down my titles and lineage, which few hold at a higher estimate!"

"Gramercy!" exclaimed the Prince—"Often have I blamed my brave chiefs for their precipitance, and counsels that breathed nothing but battle and blood; but could I have weened, in the loveliest of their dames, to find them all outdone?"

"Oo! she be de very diable and all, my liege Prince!" cried De Lancey, holding up his hands, and making a languishing

congée.—" Dat beautiful madame—vat would one tink she be?—Eh?—Mh?—De very cream of de gentle!—De soul of meek!—Eh?—Mh?—All love! all sweet! all kind!—Eh?—Eh?—Oo! Got is my life!—De very brand of de fire!—de very dragon of de destruct!—Oo! do beware, my Prince!—do beware! You cannot take fire into your bosom, and not be burned!—Noo, noo, you cannot! Oo! she be de very devil! Ah! ah! oo! oo!"

Forthwith it was resolved, that, as soon as a detachment of the Clan-More could be marched forward, the Prince should put himself at their head, and attack the Earl of Loudoun, either in the town or the field, where he most listed to meet the encounter. An express was hurried off to Badenoch and Athol, to expedite the march of the troops; and while the small party of adventurers enjoyed the hospitality of Lady Balmillo, many rapid and sweeping campaigns were finally determined on, all proposed and urged by their meteor hostess. The Prince often gazed in utter amazement at

her great beauty, and the ebullition of her wild and untamable vengeance against his enemies. The rest of the gentlemen listened in silence, except De Lancey, who now and then threw his head to one side as if in utter despair, held up his hands, and exclaimed, "She be de very devil!"

But, alas! how much is often destined to fall out between the cup and the lip! While the attack on the Earl of Loudoun was a-settling in the Castle of Balmillo, with many subsequent victories, movements, and surprises, the Earl was in the very act of preparation for an equally potent attack on the Castle of Balmillo itself—certain of taking it with all that it contained, and thereby establishing his name and his fortune, never more to be shaken.

Nothing was ever better devised, or more promptly set about. Charles having travelled through a friendly country, and in the most private manner imaginable, had not the least anticipation that his route was known to any one. None of his own officers knew of it except the Duke of Perth

alone, for Lord Murray was then absent at Blair; and yet, for all that, Loudoun was certainly informed of his purpose before he set out, and knew within an hour of the time when he would arrive at the Castle of Balmillo.

This piece of fortunate intelligence was conveyed to him by a peasant of the name of Grant, who contrived to obtain information of Charles's most privy councils, and even had wit of what passed in his bed-chamber, all the while his head-quarters were at Ruthven. There is no man can calculate on what these Highlanders will do to serve one another. The chief of this hind's family was Grant of Rothiemurchus; who being at that time governor of the Castle of Inverness under King George, his people at home in Badenoch were all on the look-out for some opportunity of being serviceable to their master. Among others, this peasant sent his daughter to offer her services to the Prince and his officers, and she being a remarkably pretty girl, her services were at once accepted,—the man thus

exposing his child almost to certain loss of virtue for the purpose of serving his laird. He did serve the cause in a most prompt and effectual manner, for there were messages sent every day by word of mouth, carried from one to another, in the same way that the fiery cross was carried, almost with telegraphic despatch.

The Earl of Loudoun had now a sure and safe game to play. He laid an embargo on all within the city; and no person, however high his rank or great his express, was suffered to pass either south or north. A muster was made of the troops, and two thousand men, completely armed, were drawn out of the city, and placed in files around it, with orders to stand to their arms, and be ready to march at a moment's warning.

In the meantime, the minister, and his maid, and daft Davie Duff, were all detained in Inverness, not being able to procure permission to return home. Well would Sally have liked had they been detained a week or two longer, for it proved a time of great gaiety to her. She was run

after and courted both by officers and men, and got her natural propensity to lying indulged in with the most delightful licence. The minister's heart was roasted on burning coals of juniper from the moment that he entered the city. When he saw his admired Sarah dressed out like a lady, with a silk mantle, gipsy hat and plumes, and so forth, and an object of general admiration, he could no longer contain his jealousy, but followed her, calling her always to him, and reprimanding her at every turn.—"Sarah, I say; come hither, Sarah; come this way a little, Sarah. Where are you proceeding to, linked arm in arm with that young gentleman?"

"Oo, that's just a cousin o' mine, sir, that I haena seen for a long while."

"Sarah,—what are you saying, Sarah? Are the Munroes of Foulis your cousins, girl?"

"Oo, I daresay they ir, sir.—That young chield that's waiting is my cousin, ony how. I maun away til him."

"Sarah, are you mad, Sarah? I hope not

absolutely so. Think you there is no danger to your honour or virtue even from a cousin?"

"Oo, I dinna think it, sir. He's a married man yon."

"Sarah, what do you say, Sarah? He is no more married than I am. I know the gentleman perfectly well, and if he be your cousin, you are very well connected, Sarah."

"Hout ay, gayan weel connected, sir.—He's maybe no the man he said to me he was after a', an that be the gate o't. I maun away an' see about that."

"Sarah, I will discharge you from my household, Sarah, if you attempt going any such way. Whither are you going with him, do you know?"

"I dinna ken where he wants me to gang. I fancy we're gaun away to get a dram an' a crack thegither; that's just a'."

"You are on the broad way, Sarah—on the broad way that leadeth to destruction. Remember you are my hired servant; and though I intend raising you to rank and high respect, I will not suffer you to go

away with that young officer. I dislike his look exceedingly."

"Aih, how can ye say that, maister? I think I never saw as gude a looking young gentleman i' my life."

"Ah, but your virtue would be very unsafe with him, Sarah; your virtue would be very unsafe with him."

"Nae fear o't, sir; we's let it take its chance. Ye're aye sae feared for my virtue, I wonder what you are gaun to do wi't!"

"Come with me, Sarah; I have some few things to buy for the house, which you must take charge of."

Sally cast a regretful glance to her gay spark, and was obliged to follow her master. Young Munro cursed the old jealous put, and swore revenge on him; but Sally had not followed the minister far till she perceived Davie Duff making signs to her.—"Ah, yonder's poor Davie, I maun away speak to him," said she, and flew from her protector ere he had time to stop her, although he kept calling, "Sarah! Sarah!" and waving his finger for her to return.

"You pe fery sore wanted at a house up te town," said Davie; "and her must pe going to it, for te whowle world tepends upon hit. Shall I pe leading you after her to te place?"

"Dear guide us, what can it be, Davie? I canna win wi' ye just now, for the minister has something ado wi' me, an' winna part wi' me a minute out o' his sight."

"Och! she woult not pe kiffing te fery littlest tamn of Cot for tat peer pody! She pe fery pad man—wanted peer Tavie's head cut from, or to have her hanged down!—No, no! nefer pe you heeding te praiching sinner, but come away to him great ladies, for te lhifes of all te people tepend on your going tere; and Lady Palmillo's lhife, and your own lhife, and Peter Gow's lhife, and te whowle Clan-More will pe cutted through, unless you go to them without any stand still."

While Sally and Davie were communing together, the minister kept walking on in a lingering way, waiting for her. But at the same time she was descried by the two men

who had been left as guards on the churchyard; and she having treated them so kindly, they made up to her, in order to proffer her some attention and kindness in return.

It will be remembered that Donald, the younger of the two, pretended to be passionately in love with Sally. He was greatly struck with her liveliness and beauty, it being scarcely possible to be otherwise, and longed exceedingly to oblige her.—"Come you alhong wit mhe, Mustress Mòr Gilnaomh," said he, hauling her by the hand, "and hersel will pe kiffing you te very grhandest entertain; for yhou pe te vhery kind and te vhery prhetty mhaiten."

"Oh, you may say so indheed," said Davie; "Mustress Sally was not a pad child, but she pe very mooch petter of peing te wife of a mhan."

"Ooh, and fat ten?—Tat is te very ting I was going to pe spaiking abhout," said Donald; "hersel pe very great far ghone in lhove, and tat is te Cot's true of te mhatter. Come alhong, come alhong, ponny

Mustress Sally—we shall mhump te munister for once."

Sally was giggling, and suffering herself to be dragged along; but, just as her admirer pronounced these last words, the minister seized her by the arm, and struck Donald across the neck with his cane. The poor parson's patience was exhausted, for his mistress was like to be dragged away from under his nose; and fain would he have had her locked up, or some way restrained, while she remained in town. He carried her off with him once more, venting many complaints of her levity and heedlessness of all decorum, which Sally took all in good part, but not with the least intention of guarding against these failings in future.

The spark Monro, in order to have his joke, and to get quit of the minister's interference with him in his amours with his maid, had by this time assembled a few of his associates, some of whom were cadets of the Clan-More family, and knew all the story of the minister and his maid, and for

what he was charged to appear at Inverness. They knew too that the murder of Mr Henning had been confessed, and all explained; but the minister did not know that, expecting still that Gow the smith was certain of suffering for it. King George's officers at that time did just what they pleased—there was none to restrain them; so five of them formed themselves into a military commission, as they called it, to take cognizance of the murder of one of the King's true liegemen. Accordingly, they sent out two of their servants, who took the minister prisoner, and brought him before their tribunal; and, having all their proof ready at hand, they made out the minister's case to be one of the worst imaginable, and ordered him into confinement till the matter should be farther elucidated. The judge said he knew it was incumbent on him, from the evidence produced, to order him to prison; but, out of respect to holy orders, he would content himself with having him locked up in an apartment of the inn; and, at the same time, he would order an armed

guard to wait at the door. Thus was the poor minister left in limbo, and two of the young rogues went straight away in search of his pretty mistress.

But she was taken up before that time, and introduced to the forementioned club of Jacobite dames, many of whom were of the first rank of any in Scotland. The old chief of the Clan-More, (who was acting a sort of double part all the while, as almost all old men did about that period,) getting intelligence of the Earl's intent, and unwilling that such a catastrophe should take place in his own country, and under the roof that had so long been his own, and was only yielded up in courtesy to his son on his marriage, contented himself with getting the intelligence conveyed privately to those ladies, the Prince's friends, knowing that, if human ingenuity could devise a plan of sending a message, they would find out one. They were thrown into the most dreadful consternation. The hopes of their whole party, so long and so fondly cherished, depended on the frustration of the Earl's plan.

Without a warning voice, the Prince would, to a certainty, be taken. But how was that warning voice to be conveyed?—O for a bird of the air to carry the message! The fate of their last important message had been grievous to many of their best friends, and the mysterious absence of their adventurous companion, Lady Sybil, of whom they had as yet heard nothing, discouraged them fearfully; but, hearing that the minister's man and maid of Balmillo were both in town, they conceived there was a possibility that one or both of them might get a permission to return home, particularly as they were both whigs, and serving a whig master.

They sent first for Davie, then for Sally, and proffered either of them a hundred guineas who would carry a message to Balmillo. Sally did not seem at first disposed to leave town; but, being told that a whole army was going out by night to take Lady Balmillo, and murder all her retainers, every one, Sally's fears caught the alarm for Peter Gow the smith, and his old father and mother. She had never confessed either to

Peter or her own heart that she loved him, but she could not think to have him and his parents murdered in cold blood, and at once thought that it behoved her to make an effort to save him. Besides, Sally was of a singularly obliging disposition. When she saw either man or woman deeply intent on anything, she scarcely had the heart to refuse her assistance, when it could avail aught. So she at once undertook to make a fair trial. Davie did the same, and the party had some hope that his simplicity might carry him through. Sally went instantly and applied to her new lover, Donald, telling him she was under the necessity of being home, and, if he would conduct her through the troops, she would never forget him, and would repay him in a way that he would like. He told her it was impossible, for even Lady Sutherland (whom he took to be the greatest woman in the world) would not be suffered to pass out of town that night. But Donald was proud of the confidence reposed in him, and promised to do all he could, as he knew she

was no Jacobite, but a true whig like himself, and could not be on any traitorous business. Donald took the only method by which the best chance of success was possible. He knew all the ground in the environs of the town well, and after it was dark he conveyed her up, by concealed ways, to a little garden close on the line of troops, and there he wrapped her in his plaid, and the two squatted close to the earth, and waited the first movement of the columns. I have been on the very spot where the two waited; it was a little garden about twenty yards west from the road, and within a short musket-shot of a long plantation of dark pines. It being on the 16th of February, daylight vanished about six o'clock; but it was moon-light, although the sky was dark and cloudy, and it was not till half an hour past seven that the column of troops next to the road was put silently in motion. Sally and her anxious guide had just that moment and no other for making their escape; namely, while the second column was forming to follow the

first. Donald covered her with his plaid, and generously keeping himself between her and the soldiers, whose faces were toward them, for fear of shots being fired, the two ran toward the wood, which they soon reached. They were, however, discovered and pursued, but, Donald's plaid and body keeping her from their view, they took them for one person. Accordingly, Donald suffered himself to be overtaken on the verge of the planting, standing still when challenged; but, in the meantime, he had let Sally slip, who bounded like a roe through the wood; and, he having stopped when called to, and being known by some present, suspicion was entirely lulled. It was only by the greatest exertion, that Sally could make so far a-head of the troops as to venture on the high road, which she at length effected, and never stopped running till she was in the smithy of Peter Gow the smith, who was busy, even at that late hour, repairing arms. She hardly had power to tell him, that Lord Loudoun was on the march with the whole army at Inverness, to surprise the

Castle of Balmillo. "He had better have staid at home," said Peter; "I shall make him scamper faster back than he is coming forward."

Peter conducted Sally to his mother, and with all expedition set about the defence of his lady, and her illustrious guests, who sat still enjoying themselves, all unconscious of the imminent danger that awaited them. Peter's smithy was full of arms of every description, but all the force he could raise in the village was eleven old men, of whom his own father was one, and Peter himself, who was commander-in-chief, and armed with the long Armada gun, made the twelfth. Some say he apprized Lady Balmillo and the Prince of their danger; but, in the traditionary tale, there is no allusion made to this, and I believe he did not, which was a piece of rash and wild imprudence, which none but a Highland deer-stalker would have been guilty of.

Peter hasted along the road with his army, consisting of eleven old stern and loyal Jacobites, against 1500 whigs, well

armed and marshalled, with the redoubted Earl of Loudoun at their head. But our small party did not reach the narrow pass they intended occupying till they heard the army approaching, on which they placed themselves, by Peter's direction, behind bushes on each side of the road, six being above the road, and six below it, all at considerable distances; and he himself stood on the upper side next to the Castle—none were to fire until he gave the word of command, and fired first himself; and then they were to commence a running fire at considerable intervals, not above one or two shots to be fired at a time.

Accordingly, our grimy general suffered Lord Loudoun's troop of cavalry to advance right between his own two potent lines, till the front rank reached the place where he stood, on which he called out in a tremendous voice, "Eisd, eisd! Gairm air neach. Here are the dogs coming, in faith, for our Prince. Let the M'Donnells of Glengarry close in on the left, and the Mackintoshes on the right. No quarter." With that he

fired the Spaniard; and at the same time one of the old fellows in the other extremity of the line sounded a long and sonorous note on an ox's horn, which in the hurry he had taken with him to use as a trumpet. Peter's first shot killed Lord Loudoun's trumpeter, and wounded a gentleman's horse. Then was there a regular fire commenced along Peter's whole cordon; but there was no occasion for it; the panic had seized on the army with an effect altogether inconceivable. That their grand plan of operations had been discovered was manifest, and they had no doubt that they were enclosed between two bodies of the clans, and that their retreat would be cut off. The front columns wheeled and rushed back in their flight on those that were still advancing, and knew nothing of the discomfiture in front, with such impetuosity, that the confusion and rout became altogether dreadful; they trampled each other down in whole files, while the road was encumbered with the wounded and maimed, and arms lying scattered in confusion. It was a singular circumstance,

but a well-authenticated fact, that Lord Loudoun's army never knew but that the M'Donnells of Glengarry and the Mackintoshes were among them, and slashing them down in whole companies, till they reached the streets of Inverness, when the devil an enemy was to be seen, and no man could say that he had ever seen one. Certainly there is not such another rout on record; and many noblemen and gentlemen, who were unfortunately involved in it, declared till their dying days, that, of all the perils and confusions they had ever been in, that flight excelled.

The fruits of this victory to Peter and his aged associates, were about 1000 excellent muskets, with bayonets, and 13,000 cartridges, with other arms of various sorts, all of which they sold to the Prince's army. Peter got some valuable presents from the Prince and his officers beside, and liberal promises of advancement in future; for all admired, but, at the same time, blamed, his temerity: they said, what was true, that for a country blacksmith, with eleven old

men, to go deliberately out to the broad highway, and encounter upwards of 1500 regular troops, all well armed and appointed, was what no other man would have thought of whom they had ever known, unless it had been a madman; and that the brilliancy of his success could only be accounted for by ascribing it, where justly due, to the protecting hand of Heaven.

When the Prince desired to see the young woman to whom he owed his life, and was told she was so ill she could not be removed from the cottage at which she had first arrived, by reason of the severe fatigue she had undergone, he went to the smith's cabin and saw her, took her hand in his, and said many kind and courteous things to her. Among others, that, "since she had set her life on a throw, where so many chances were against her, in order to save an unfortunate Prince from the hands of his cruel and bloodthirsty enemies, assuredly the blessing of Heaven would rest on her and hers, for which he had already prayed, and ever would, while he had existence. His ene-

mies," he added, "had set a higher price on his life than it appeared to be worth, either to himself or his friends; but, however low it might be estimated at present, he was sure future ages would bless the memory of her who had preserved from surprise, and an ignominious death, the true heir to the British Crown. That any remuneration he could, in his present circumstances, offer her, was wholly inadequate as a recompence for the generous deed she had done; but he begged that, for his sake, she would accept of a small memorial of his respect." He then took her in his arms, and saluted her, blessing her at the same time, and putting into her hand a small velvet purse, richly and curiously wrought with silver, and filled with French gold, to the amount of £43:9:6*d*. I have had that purse in my possession, and was offered it altogether for a small sum. It is covered with fleurs-de-lis of silver, and evidently is the work of some of the inmates of a French convent.

The Lady of Balmillo was so overjoyed at the notable overthrow of the Earl of Loudoun, achieved by her blacksmith, that she actually shed tears of triumph over her adversary, made some more liberal grants to Peter Gow, and a present of a handsome Turkish gun, gold mounted; and, her own clan arriving that day at the Castle, followed by all those that came through Athol, she mounted on horseback, at the side of Prince Charles, and reviewed them. A more engaging object than Lady Balmillo that day could scarcely be conceived, for she was the flower of all the North. Her jacket, skirt, and plaid, were all of the tartan of her clan; her bonnet was of blue velvet, ornamented with her ancient family crest in jewels, and loaden with plumes. She rode a tall, slender steed, that curvetted and played most beautifully; yet, all the time of the review, she guided him solely with her left hand, holding a naked sword in her right. For all the chieftain pride that was there that day, she was the point of attraction, to which every

eye was turned. Though few more than the one half of the army had arrived, never was there such a beautiful sight seen on the lands of Balmillo, and long may it be ere such a one be seen again!

After the review, Prince Charles and his hostess retired into a window of the Castle, and all the troops passed under it, every clan by itself, bearing its own colours, and headed by its own chief, whose hereditary bagpipers passed before him, playing the favourite pibrochs and gathering marches of each clan. Alexander Gordon, chaplain to the French troops, accompanied Prince Charles and Lady Balmillo into the Castle, at their joint request, to take a note of the numbers of each clan as they passed by. He sat in a window by himself, so near to the other two, that he heard every word that was spoken; and, from his jot-book, the following notes are taken, the numbers of the regiments, and names of the leaders, being always on the one page, and the dialogues concerning them on the other.

The Clan-More passed first that day, in honour of her to whose hospitality they were so much indebted, and who had done and suffered so much for the Prince's interest. Well were they entitled to rank first, and to have the distinguished appellation of the Clan-More bestowed on them, if they were indeed all of the same clan, which appears to me a little dubious. Those who are versed in such matters will be able to detect the error, if such there is; but there seems to be no doubt that Lady Balmillo claimed for her family the chieftainship of the whole, as they are thus marked in Gordon's list:—The Clan-More—four regiments. The first led by the celebrated Donald M'Gillavry, consisting of 400 singularly well formed, armed, and accoutred Highlanders, all clothed in one tartan.

The second led by Colonel M'Pherson of Cluny, and consisting also of 400 men, less of stature, and clothed in a different tartan.

The third commanded by Colonel Allan

Farquharson, consisted of 300 men, of a complexion, dialect, and uniform, different from either of the other two.

The last, and the largest corps, was led by John Roy Stuart. It was a motley group, and consisted of seven or eight different tribes, as appeared by their tartans, but, it seems, all united in one. There were 570 of them.

"Well may you be a proud dame to-day, my dear Lady Balmillo!" said Charles; "and well may I be proud of such a lovely, a faithful, and a powerful adherent! If it shall please God to place me on the throne of my fathers, my supporters now shall be placed next to it, and be my supporters still. And I know well who deserves the first place. The first of these regiments that passed by is a body of men not to be equalled; and, as their leader served all his life under the old veteran Borlam, I will engage that that regiment shall drive from the field, or cut in pieces, three times its number of any troops serving under the Elector of Hanover."

"I am sure they will, your Royal Highness," said she; "I will likewise engage that they shall do so; for how can the dogs of an usurper fight!—Mother of our Lord! how dare they lift their sacrilegious paws against the true anointed of thy Son?"

When De Lancey, who was standing at the wall below the window, heard this vehement exclamation, he held up both his hands, and shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, Moder of Gott! fat is dat dat I do hear?—Noting but de treaten, and de venshong, and de blaspheme! Oh, she be de very diable and all, dat same Madame Balmuloo!"

"Who is that haughty chief that approaches next, my liege, who moves as if indignant of walking on the face of the earth—he with the eagle's plumes, and the tremendous falchion?"

"That is my staunch friend, and my father's friend, madam, the Laird of Glengarry. Would to God the M'Donells had all been as sterling and as trusty as he! He is a hero in the field, bold as a lion, but turbulent in counsel, and jealous of his

claims, and of my favours, to an extreme that has given me much uneasiness. You see that he heads 300 clansmen himself, and his son, who follows him, 300 more. Glengarry is no mean feather in his Prince's bonnet. These savage-looking fellows of his behaved themselves nobly at the battle of Clifton, for the whole brunt of the attack fell upon them. See, here comes another corps of M'Donells. Look there, madam, —there goes a chieftain at their head, who has neither lands nor rents, and who yet keeps an hundred fighting men in his hall, all the year round. But that is not all; in a strait, he can bring 400 to the field. I acknowledge the matter to be above my comprehension. He is, nevertheless, a gallant warrior, and true to our house."

"Then do I love and respect him, my Prince, and he is welcome here; his loyalty to you cancels all heartburnings between us. But I know him well; he has long been a troublesome tenant of ours, for of our house he holds the greater part of his extensive domains; and, in place of doing us homage

for them, he has often been our greatest adversary; I never, however, weened that his men could have been so well accoutred."

"Had you seen them, my lady, when they first joined me at the head of Loch-Lochy!—then, the famed regiment of Sir John Falstaff was nothing to them!—There were not above twenty muskets in the whole corps, nor, I think, above twelve bonnets; their faces were of a deep copper-colour, by reason of the sun-burning; their hair weather-beaten, and standing out in tufts like those on a wild boar's mane; and their heads generally bare, except that a few of them had their matted locks snooded up with red garters; some good rusty broadswords there were in the regiment, and that was all, for the greater part of the men were absolutely half naked. And yet, how do you think the fellows came to me?—They came, positively, with two whole companies of the Royal Scots, prisoners of war. They had encountered them, by chance, with Captain Caroline Scott at their head, on their march to take possession of Fort-William;

so, without more ado, the men of Keppoch set on them, and, having killed several, and wounded their captain, and a number beside, they took all the survivors prisoners, and brought them to me. I asked the chieftain of the sept if they had no better clothes; he replied that they had plenty of good clothes, and he wanted them to have put them on; but that the fellows were positive, and persisted in leaving them for the use of their friends at home, for they were determined that their enemies should clothe them. Accordingly, they have been very shifty, for now they are as well armed and clothed as their neighbours. When they returned from the battle of Tranent, at which they did gallant service, there was not a man of them wanted a regular weapon, although a number of them went to the field armed with scythes, pitchforks, and long goads of iron. Keppoch's muster to-day is 300 men. These next are the men of Glenco—unstable as water, and uncertain as a herd of their own mountain-deer. This day their chieftain musters

200; to-morrow, perhaps, he may not have above 50 at his call."

"But who is this that comes next, with such serenity of countenance, and dignity of deportment?—That is such a man as a Highland chief ought to be; and, before I hear his name, he shall sit at your Royal Highness's right hand to-night."

"That, madam, is the great Captain of Clan-Ronald, a gentleman of no common endowments—an accomplished officer, steady in counsel, and undaunted in danger. His clan are in the west, battering Fort-William, and driving the Campbells from his domains, under the command of his gallant son, while he himself has only a guard to-day of 150 men. He has promised to bring 700 to the field.

"That next chief, with the black plumes in his bonnet, and locks like the wing of the raven, is the flower of chivalry, Colonel Cameron of Lochiel—the first to take the field, and the last to leave it. The half of his clan are likewise wanting; still, you see, he musters 400 brave warriors to-day."

"I think this must be your Royal Highness's own regiment, for they are clad in the tartan that you yourself wear."

"These, madam, are my brave kinsmen, the Stuarts of Appin, a small, but a truly loyal and worthy clan; they are led by Charles Stuart of Ardshiel, for their old chief could not come to the field. I believe that scarcely a man has remained at home, surrounded as their country is by deadly enemies.—Gordon, mark the men of Appin 360!"

Next these came the M'Lachlans, 260; the Clan-Donnochie, 200; and, last of all, the red M'Gregors, 300. These were all led by their respective chiefs, and, every one of them, were lauded by the Prince in passing by.

Thus ended the review of Balmillo; for Lord Murray, with the Athol men, was still at Blair. The Duke of Perth's regiment was marching farther to the eastward, and the Ogilvies, and Gordons of Glenbucket, were still far to the south. The Master of Lovat, too, had gone home by Fort-

Augustus, to embody some more of his father's vassals.

After they had all passed by, her ladyship addressed the Prince, and asked him what he thought of the clans on the whole, for that his particular praises had been so liberal, and so unqualified, that it was impossible to tell which of them he admired most. He answered her shortly, with the tear in his eye, that no language of his could convey an adequate idea of the estimation in which he held his brave clans; he was so much overpowered with his feelings, he could not proceed.

The discomfiture of Lord Loudoun's brilliant army by Peter and his forces, consisting of eleven old men, raised such a laugh against the former, that many of the young gentlemen left it, and retired to their respective homes, and to Edinburgh, not having confidence to shew their faces any more among the fair Jacobites of Inverness. Not so the Earl himself: he boasted more loudly than ever; made a muster of his men on the same day that the Prince reviewed the

clans; and, calling over 200 more from the country of the Monroes, and 200 Grants that came up the Frith by water, he prepared next day to march and give the Prince battle on the field, before more of his troops came up. He meant to have surprised Charles still at Balmillo, but the impatience of the lady of that place to see vengeance done on her great adversary, prevented him; and, ere ever either of them was aware, the two armies came in sight of each other at the river Nairn. But, the King's forces having possession of the old military bridge, the clans were obliged to pause, and make a wheel to the eastward. The river was heavy and swollen, it being the 18th of February, and the snow melting on the hills, nevertheless the Prince resolved to ford it, and attack the enemy in flank. The Lady Balmillo rode at his side, at the head of her clan, with a naked sword in her hand, as on the preceding day; but, when they approached the river's brink, the Prince requested her to draw off her first

regiment to some green knolls above the ford, and remain there to guard their left flank, until the rest of the troops had crossed the river; "and then," said he, "I shall either clear the bridge for you and your men to pass over, or we will cut down that division of the enemy between us with ease. I do not order, but I request, your ladyship to do this, for, believe me, that river is not for a lady to cross."

"We shall see," said she. "Come on, clansmen!" and, in one moment, she was in the river, to the curch of the side-saddle. Drumnaglash and young Borlam flew to her assistance, and, taking the upper side, they two broke the current of the stream, but she would not suffer them to touch her bridle-reins; and, when her steed bounded to the bank on the other side, she was saluted by a hurra from the clans, that made the hills yell. Lord Loudoun had deemed the river impassable, and kept his ground; but, on hearing this salutation, he caused his cavalry to file off, and they came down at a brisk trot, and began firing across the

river, but the bank shielded those that were over completely from their view. The clans returned the fire in columns, as they approached the river, and a part were slain and wounded on both sides. But, as soon as the four regiments of the Clan-More were over, the Prince put them in motion, marching them at a quick pace up the hill, so as to separate the Earl's cavalry from the rest of the army, that still kept its position near the bridge. Without more ado, the Earl's army began their retreat, both wings at the same time, with drums beating, trumpets sounding, and colours flying. Had it not been for the passage of the river, that was so troublesome and tedious that the troops took nearly half a day in crossing, Charles would, to a certainty, have cut off his retreat. It was with the greatest difficulty that Lady Balmillo could be restrained: "Pursue! pursue!" she kept calling; "Oh, let us ride, run, and cut the whig loons to pieces!" She made the pipers of all the regiments to join, and push on after the

fliers, playing, with all their might, "Away, Whigs, away!"

From a retreat, it turned by degrees fairly into a flight and pursuit, but Loudoun still kept gaining ground. When Charles entered Inverness at the one side, the rear of the flying army had not got quite clear of the town on the other; but, by a guard placed on the Ness with cannon, the march of the Highlanders was impeded, and the whole of Loudoun's army crossed at the Kessock ferry in safety before twelve at night.

That was a joyous night in Inverness to the adherents of Prince Charles. They found him in the midst of them, high-spirited, gay, and enthusiastic in his cause as ever; free to aver, and nothing loath to assert, "that, in his march over the greater part of Britain, in whatever way or manner he had met with his enemies, whether in a regular field of battle, or slight skirmish, his clans had uniformly been the conquerors. The Elector's troops seemed to have

no power to stand before them; they were paralysed and heartless, and became an easy prey; and, *unless it were from some fatality on the part of their leaders*, he was positive the clans would ever do the same." He was little aware how truly he spoke at that moment; however, it gave his party great spirits, and the festivities of the evening were concluded by a splendid ball, the first dance of which was led off by the Prince and Lady Balmillo. But there was one who, wont to be the life and joy of these parties, was still a-missing, to the great astonishment of her friends; and, the next day, when Lady Balmillo related to them the mysterious circumstances attending her death and burial, (for she judged it unmeet to do so sooner,) it is impossible to describe the horror that was manifested. Some blamed the old Chief for having murdered his daughter, on account of the part she had espoused; but all who knew his true sentiments knew that to be false. Some blamed one, and some another; but, as for Lady Balmillo, she would blame nobody for that,

or anything else, except the Earl of Loudoun; and so inveterate was she against him, on account of real or fancied injuries, that she would not let the Prince get either peace or rest, till he sent a detachment from her own troops, joined by some others, in pursuit of him. The command of the expedition was given to Lord Cromarty, on account of his interest in these bounds; and, taking advantage of a thick fog, he drew all the boats on the south of the Moray Frith together, and, embarking his men quietly, so completely surprised Loudoun, that he took every officer at head-quarters prisoner, routed the army, and pursued them about ten miles across a dark moor. The Earl was not present with the army when the attack was made, having gone to Chanonry on some important business. When he came up to them, his astonishment may be conceived, to find them flying once more before the clans, of whom he had always pretended to make so light. He drew them up, however, faced about, and began to set up his birses in a most daring attitude. His forces

still nearly doubled in number those led against him by Cromarty, and, as he began making preparations next day for attacking in his turn, the issue of the contest became highly doubtful. The clans stood their ground; and, just when the armies began to exchange fires, the Duke of Perth arrived with a reinforcement, amounting to the number that came first over. The boats could hold no more at the first crossing; but these, having returned with some others taken on the north side, brought over this timely aid. Loudoun was again obliged to betake himself to his old shift; he fled across the river Conon into Sutherland, expecting that extensive county, all in George's interest, to rise in support of his cause. But the clans gave him no time; they chased him from one station to another, till at length they forced him into the Western Sea. He left Inverness on the evening of the 18th of February, at the head of 2400 well-appointed men; and, on the 9th of March, he landed for refuge in the Isle of Skye, with only 800 of these remaining.

There were many things happened to the valiant conquerors of the Highlands in 1746 that were fairly hushed up, there being none afterwards that dared to publish or avow them. But there is no reason why these should die. For my part, I like to rake them up whenever I can get a story that lies within twenty miles of them, and, for all my incidents, I appeal to the records of families, and the truth of history.

CIRCLE V.

WE must now return to our friends about Balmillo, and, in the first place, to the worthy clergyman, whom we left locked up a prisoner in a room at Inverness. The young gentlemen who played him that trick, not being able to find his beautiful maid, withdrew his guard quietly, opened the door, or at least, turned the lock, and took no more notice of him. The minister paced the floor till about midnight, and then, with some diffidence, touched the bell. A servant attended, in a manifest flutter of spirits, (it will be remembered it was the night of the Earl of Loudoun's grand expedition to catch Prince Charles,) on which the minister,

supposing himself a legal prisoner, addressed the man as follows :—

" Friend—I say, friend, I suppose it will be no offence to the legal authorities, if I should order a bit of supper and a bottle of wine ?"

" Hu, sir, I tink she would pe fery pad, if she would pe going to te refuse of tat."

" I say, friend, what is your name ?"

" Hu, her nhame pe Tonald M'Craw, and tat was a nhame she would not affrighted for."

" Well, Donald ; I say, Donald, what have you that you can give me for supper?"

" Fath ! nhot a creat much deal, sir ; for King Shorge's hofficers, tamn ter stomachs ! hafe eaten down all our mhaits."

" Well, I suppose you will get me something as good as you can.—And, Mr M'Craw, could you get me a word of my maid-servant, who is in town, and whom I want particularly to see?—Why do you laugh, Donald ? Consider my coat, sir, and that it is *my own servant* whom I am desirous of seeing."

"Hu, Cot pless you! who is te doubt of it, sir? But ours is not peing te house of tat description, although she pe hotle printed apofe te toor; that is te Gaelic, and signifies thirst. Put I shall warrant she pe te fery cood servhant—Is it te same of te hayloft?"

"What do you say, Donald?—I hope that simple and natural incident has not been bruited here?"

"Hu! nhot at hall, sir; we hafe mhore sense than to account all te mhen brutes tat fall into tat mistake, or whomen too. But I shall nhot pring te mhaid."

"Well, Donald, I shall not attempt to war with your prejudices; and, perhaps, the girl might not be found, for I little wot where she is. Bring me supper; and, if there is any gentleman in the house disengaged, I shall be happy to share a bottle of wine with him."

"Tere is a gentleman of old Lord Clan-More's here, sir, waiting te return of this grhand expedition."

"What expedition, Donald?"

But this query led to an explanation between the two which has all been given before, as well as to a more pleasant one to the Parson, certifying to him that he was no prisoner, and, as far as Donald M'Craw knew, never had been. Then did the parson begin to suspect his youthful judges of waggery, and great were his fears anent his mistress's safety and honour in their hands, having perceived some of them on the look-out for her. Supper was brought; and the gentleman often mentioned before came also to partake of it, namely, the dark, suspicious warrior, who seemed to have such a sway over the old Lord Clan-More. He was the next heir of entail to his own son, and nearly as great a favourite; for in fact he had an art with him that kept them both in a manner under his direction and control. We must, for the present, style him Sir Roderick, though it was not by that title that he afterwards became so notorious.

This gentleman knew all about the minister's trivial affairs well enough; but, be-

ing well qualified for appreciating characters, he saw through the silliness of his, and accounted nothing of all that had taken place, save that he proposed gratifying himself by tormenting the doating divine, and also pumping him a little toward the obtaining of some information that he wanted, for Sir Roderick's heart was set principally on one dark and deep design.

"Come away, sir. Come away. I am extremely happy to see you. I conceived myself a legal prisoner here. For, as you yourself heard, I was cited to appear here anent the mysterious death of Mr Henning. Now, sir—I am so glad to see you! —perhaps you can tell me who the gentlemen were that incarcerated me to-day, after bringing me to a sham trial?"

"A mere trick of youth, I suppose, Mr Parson. Our military men are for the present the principal law-makers, as well as its breakers. There is no control to be had over them, and none attempts it. Sad times for this poor distracted country!"

"Yes, as you say, sir. There is scarcely

anything that is insured to people as their own,—no, not for a day nor an hour. Our most precious privileges are violated.—I mean the liberty of man, and the honour of women. I fear these are both in manifest danger! It is very hard on the poor women!"

"Not so hard as a parson may be apt to suppose, perhaps. I hope the breach made on your liberty did not originate in some stratagem relating to the other delinquency?"

"How do you mean, sir?"

"The honour of the poor women, you know. Pray, may I ask—Was not your handsome mistress in town?"

"My *maid-servant* was in town, Sir Roderick."

"I beg pardon, Mr Parson. Ah, I smell a rat! That accounts for your imprisonment in faith! Yon is not a flower, sir, to expose too much to the public eye. Do you know where she is now?"

"No, I do not indeed."

"Never mind; join me in a glass of

wine. Perhaps I could find her out to you; but, if I could, you would not thank me."

"Believe me, I will, sir—I will thank you most cordially."

"Not just now, sir. Pray, sit down and let us finish our supper and wine. It will be time enough when it is morning. We cannot break into a gentleman's birth just now."

"Good heavens, Sir Roderick! Can we go a moment too soon? The girl is under my charge—Came far from her home depending on my protection. I am bound in honour to protect her. Let us run—let us fly to her rescue."

"It is all time enough, my good sir. Be content that I won't go at present. Sit down and I will tell you a good story. Do you as yet know how the murder of Henning was proven and acknowledged?"

"Proven and acknowledged! Is it then proven and acknowledged?"

"In good sooth. It was the young blacksmith of the village who did the deed,

and a curious deed it was. Why, sir, down comes your pretty maid to the Castle, carrying a plaid and a bonnet"—

"A plaid and a bonnet? Well, what then? I know something about these."

"Sit down, sir. Have a little patience. Why are you so much agitated?—Well, sir; and she swears that that plaid and bonnet belonged to Gow the smith."

"Did she, indeed? The dear delightful creature! Did she make affidavit to that purpose?"

"She did; and Vulcan was immediately seized and brought to judgment."

"Noble! noble! grand! Well, I hope he was shot, or condemned to be hanged?"

"No, neither. The fellow was rewarded."

"Rewarded? What for? Pooh! Rewarded for shooting my lord's secretary?"

"Why, methought it was all over with Peter, especially when he at once acknowledged that the bonnet and plaid were his."

"His? Did he acknowledge them to be

his? Oh the dog! the scoundrel! How could they be his?"

"They *were* his, sir. Else, you know, the girl would never have sworn to it. He could not deny them, he said, as they were well known over all the parish to be his. But he was not so frank at telling where he had left them. It strikes me, Parson, that he had been in the bed or the hay-loft with your pretty butler before you that night, or very shortly after had supplied your place, for he was not quite free to tell where he left the articles, and the maid had them."

"The base, worthless dog! He would not tell where he left them, would he not? I know surely where he left them, for I had them both in hand. Let us go in search of her, sir, without more delay. Let us go —Let us go."

"I would rather be excused for the present, sir. Pray, sit down. Here's to your good health, and a happy meeting with your mistress."

"Let us go, if you please, Sir Roderick.

If you *please*, I say. Let us go, if you *please*."

"I will find her to you in good time. Sit down and tell me what you thought of yon mysterious funeral. Perhaps you and I might have had some interest in looking after that."

"Eh? Interest, did you say, Sir Roderick? Have I then guessed right? The funeral came from *France*, I suppose."

"I do not take you up."

"As a meed to the Pretender it was coming? Was it not? A dark deed yon, Sir Roderick—Eh? A guard placed over it night and day too. Am I right? No names!"

"The guard has been removed and the corse lifted. But it *is* a deed of darkness. Ay, and one that some deserve to strap for. But there will be news about it as soon as men can get leisure to think of private injuries."

"Ah! Is it lifted? Then have I done with it. Pray, Sir Roderick, let us go and search after that hapless maid. And yet it

matters not. Are you sure, Sir Roderick, that the bonnet and plaid she produced to my lord did indeed belong to our blackguard smith?"

"I think, of all other things, there can be the least doubt of that. The fellow acknowledged them; and that he had shot the man, from an idea that he was violating the sepulchres of his chief's family, for which he was handsomely rewarded, and made chief keeper of our lord's forests. And a brave rapscallion he seems to be."

"Rapscallion, indeed! It has been on the morning after committing the murder that he violated my premises. The gun was his too; there is not a doubt of it. O the falsehood, the artifice, the unblushing falsehood of that deceitful and lovely creature woman! 'No, no, sir! There was no man there. Man never came into my bed. These belonged to a dear brother of mine, now no more! And I never sleep without these below my pillow!' Alack the day! poor wronged damsel!"

"Pray, Mr Parson, don't pule and rave

at the same time. Had you your bottle before supper?"

"I say, woman, sir, is a thing to dream of, not to trust.—O Sarah, Sarah! I would rather that thou hadst lain in the bosom of thy father Abraham, than in that of a grim, hideous, bedevilled blacksmith. Down with all bellows, bayonets, bratches, and bum-bailiffs, to the pit of perdition!"

Roderick would have enjoyed the ravings of the minister exceedingly, instigated as his weak pericranium was, by wine, love, and jealousy; but at that instant the van of the routed army entered the town in great confusion, and Roderick, rushing out to learn the event, left the Parson to his own meditations. The rooms of the inn shortly after that began to fill full of volunteer gentlemen from the grand rout of Balmillo; the Parson found himself as nobody; and, taking his horse, he set out for his own home. He found himself little more than half way about sun-rising, after a tedious journey over guns, bayonets, pistols, and holsters, for several miles: And, moreover, a

number of wounded and maimed men interrupted his journey by their unavailing requests of assistance. The minister could do nothing for them; but at every one he asked, where the Highland army lodged that had given them such a terrible overthrow, and by all was informed, that they were lodged about the castle, church, and village of Balmillo. The poor Parson's heart failed him. He counted upon being a plundered, ruined man. More especially was he afraid of Keppoch, for he had both preached and prayed against that chieftain, and denounced him and his adherents the inheritage of Satan. "I shall find these kernes of Lochaber kennelled in my bedchamber," said he to himself, "wasting my small provision, rioting, perhaps, in the mutilated remains of my only cow, and, worst of all, violating—What was I going to say? O Sarah, Sarah! What a burning flame thou hast kindled around my heart! But I must expel thee from it, though to part with thee will be as death. I know not where, nor in what state thou art now,

nor shall I ever know, for thou wilt mislead me by thy eternal leasing making. I would have raised thee to the rank thy beauty deserved. But, since I cannot trust thee—What? Trust thee beside thy horrible paramour? What, then, should I be? No, no, before I rear up an offspring of blacksmiths, I will die the death!"

The minister had, by this time, in the height of excited feelings, put spurs to his bay horse, and, notwithstanding the encumbrances on the road, was dashing furiously along. But all at once he found himself flying in the air, and that with a velocity, that, if it had not been for the disingenuous attraction of gravity, might have impelled him a good way on the line he was pursuing, or on one diverging only a few degrees from it. I say disingenuous, because I conceive it to be rather an oblique and illiberal provision of nature this tendency towards the centre, exposing people to such unmerciful thumps; and therefore I wish it had never been, or, at all events, that it had never been discovered. If it had never been,

what an advantage for slaters, masons, fox-hunters, and weathercock-makers! How delightful to have had the same chance of falling upward as downward; or, best of all, in a horizontal direction, and then, in a level country, one might have fallen across a whole plain! And, if this mighty phenomenon had never been discovered, people would not have been puzzled with its absolute and specific qualities, or in solving an hypothesis that has always, to me at least, proved as incomprehensible as the work of creation itself. Then, I say, when it so chanced that a man had got a hearty fall, such as this experienced by the minister of Balmillo, he would have attributed it merely to his own density, and, if able, risen and clawed the damaged parts, and, if unable to have done that, some might have done it for him.

All that our minister, however, remembered of the affair, was, that he was riding very fast, and that, at an acute turn of the road, all at once he darted from his saddle, and began a-flying. He had some concep-

tion, too, that he saw a dead man lying below him, as he spread himself on the atmosphere. More he remembered not, till he found himself lying on a flock-bed, in a poor cottage, attended by Peter Gow the smith, who, in this extremity, had bled the disabled parson with a horse-fleam, and administered such cordials as the place afforded.

Peter and one of his associates beheld the minister's misfortune, for they were out despoiling the field of battle. The minister's bay nag was not a coward, as may be conjectured from a former instance of his behaviour. No, he was far from that, for he would boldly have faced any living creature, however rampageous its demeanour, provided it looked up and fairly shewed face. But he had a mortal aversion at anything that lay quite dormant. Not that he was terrified for it, but he found something within him that assured him he *might* be exceedingly terrified if it jumped up in any ridiculous manner or form, and it was this feeling that put him so dreadfully to

it when any such thing met his eye; he perceived that he had a great chance to get a horrid fright, and the dread of that issue put him fairly beside himself. The minister was riding with full force, half maddened by the injuries he supposed he had received at the hand of his idolized Sarah, when, at a quick turn of the road to the left, which every traveller must have noted, after descending a little steep about five miles from Inverness,—at that turn, ere ever the minister's bay horse was aware, he found himself coming in contact with a dead man, lying grovelling at the side of the highway, in as dangerous a position for making a spring upward as any corpse could possibly lie. The horse's heart leaped I know not where, into his forehead I dare say, for he flew off at the right with a spring that would have unhorsed the best minister in Europe; and as the bay nag darted right away from the dead man, of course he threw the minister of Balmillo as straight towards him. He fell on his head, and there he lay quite lifeless, until Gow the smith and

his associate came up, when the former immediately began to essay his veterinary skill on his forlorn pastor. It was successful in restoring him to animation; but the parson, after all, was not satisfied with the utility of such treatment, for, to say the truth, he would rather have been obliged to any other for such prompt and ready succour, than to Peter.

"Smith! I say, smith, I feel a dismal giddiness and debility. Pray, did I bleed a great deal from my fall?"

"Oo no, sir; the devil a drop you bled at all. But I did that for you, else you were gone, for your face and neck were grown as black as my smithy-hearth, and your eyes were as red as a nail-string."

"Fellow, how dared you to let blood of me? Where had you lancets?"

"Oo, bless you, sir, I took one of the blades of my horse-fleams, and with a stone knocked it to the head in your jugular, and it sprung like a well."

"You dog that you are! How durst you knock your horrible horse-fleam into

my neck. You have murdered me, sir, and my blood is on your head."

"Oo no, the devil a drap of it, sir; it ran all down the brae, and I am sure there was a pint of it. But I sewed up the hole with some of the hairs of my own head, and I will defy him to come loose."

"Was there ever such a brutal thing heard of in a Christian country as a minister of the gospel to be let blood of with a horse-fleam, and his wound sewed up with a darning-needle, and a thread twined of the hairs of a blacksmith? Oh you unconscionable dog! Can any human frame overcome such an operation?"

"Ay, and ten times more, sir. What is a fleam to a bayonet? And, besides, it was not this great naig fleam; see, it was this neat fellow that I blood the stirks and the foals with."

"Stirks and fools do you say, sirrah? I take you all witnesses."

"Oo no, sir, not the fools, but the little bad young horses and the cattles. You were dead as a shot ptarmigan when I

came to you, and I could do nothing but use the means in my power. I could not think for you to die, because you had been a kind master to my dear Sally."

"Do you know what hath become of that infatuated girl, smith?"

"Oo, sir, she is at home—at our house, lying very ill."

"At your house lying? Why, was not my house her home? What took her to your house to lie?—For you to wait on her, I suppose? You unsanctified ragamuffin! I will make you over to Satan for the depraving and seducing of that once chaste and lovely maiden."

"Oh, sir, you do not know the story, nor half the story yet. I did not seduce her to our house; she came of herself in sad plight, but she accomplished the great work, and I hope will not be much the worse, though she has had a sore battle for it."

"With whom, sir? Who was it that attacked her? Was it the young Monroe, or Glen-Ellick? Eh? Was she overcome

again? But what need I ask? Doubtless she would yield as willingly as to your notorious self. Do you attend her in your father's house, sirrah? Do you nurse her by night, and leave your mother to nurse her through the day? You have not the kindness and the goodness of heart to do this, I am sure."

"Oo yes, but I do though."

"Sackcloth and cinder-brose for such a dog! Let me have a place to puke! Vulcan and Venus! A thousand degrees worse!"

"Hout, Pate, mhan," cried the old villager, thrusting himself forward; "cannot you pe te pehold tat te cood mhan is rhaving py te lost of te creat plhood out of she's neck. Stand out of te side, and doo nhot be answering one worhd whatever she shoud say, or it will be the death of him. He must pe te hold quhiet, or his lhife is not worth te plhare of te goat."

It was now in vain that the parson asked passionate questions about Sarah, about the lodgings of the clans, and about a certain

plaid and bonnet, and a large gun that was found in a hay-loft; no one would answer him a word. They sat glum and shook the head at his most emphatic inquiries and expostulations, and, when he lost all patience, and essayed to rise from his humble couch and go home, the smith laid hold of both his thumbs with the same hand, thrust the minister back on the bed, and then, turning his shoulder to his face, he lay cross over him, and talked in Gaelic, in an indifferent way, to the people of the cot. The minister's nerves were in a weak, irritated state, and this treatment put him perfectly mad. He raved, he fumed; he threatened Peter, who was his aversion, with the vengeance of the laws, civil and ecclesiastical, all which the latter totally disregarded, keeping his station and his hold, and sometimes looking over his shoulder and saying, "Poor man! It is a great pity he should be so violent; but he will soon be the better now."

But Peter tired of waiting on his irritated pastor, and, betaking himself to the field

again to collect more arms and ammunition, he left the charge of him on the old cottagers and his veteran neighbour. The next day the parson was carried home in a litter, and, as soon as he arrived at the Manse, he set about instituting a process against the smith for maltreating him; for bleeding him in the neck with a horse-fleam; sewing up the wound with a darning-needle and smith hair; and for holding him down in a bed till he was almost squeezed to a jelly. But by that time the clans had arrived. Peter had the Prince and Lady Balmillo on his side, and cared not a fig for the parson.

Sally was obliged to come home to the Manse, weak as she was, to wait on her jealous master, whom she found irritated against her beyond all toleration, for what she could not tell, yet her good nature never forsook her. He had found out some of her little falsehoods, which at times rather put her to the blush, but she always brought herself off by telling him another. At length, after giving vent to all his spleen,

and feeling still that he could not live without her, he once more offered her marriage, on condition that she was never to speak to a young man save in his presence, and, in particular, to Peter Gow the smith. Sally answered, without altering a muscle in her face,—" But I wad like to ken the limits o' that restriction, sir, afore I snap. How many winters must a man hae seen afore he be out o' the count o' young men? I wad like to ken your line o' march atween auld an' young men exactly, for I hae always fund men of a certain age the far maist impertinent, an' warst to deal wi'! As for Pate Gow the smith, married or unmarried, I shall never speak to him unless when I hae some business wi' him."

" Business with him? Sarah! I say, Sarah—What business can a married lady have with a blacksmith?"

" O, a great deal, sir, I fear. I doubt, between us, there wad be a hantle left for Peter to do. I think if ye wad big him a smiddy on the glebe it wad be a good motion."

"Sarah, I can no longer bear with your incontinency. You have indulged in guilty pleasures till the last shade of modesty hath passed over your brow, and I have stooped too low to a piece of beautiful deceit. I desire that you will quit my house and my service."

"I am quite ready to do that, sir; only I would not like to leave you on unfriendly terms, after a' your kindness and attention."

"Will you wed me, then, and bind yourself to my proposals, if all your former faults and failings are forgiven?"

"O no, sir, I canna do that. I canna live wanting men. I would rather be a sparrow on the house-top, than live a woman without the company of men. Marry when I will, I shall converse wi' a' the young men that will converse wi' me, an' haud the gilravige wi' them too."

"I have quite done with you, Sarah. Our temperaments do not suit. I will take on me the charge and the expense of conveying you to your native place, and the sooner you set out the better. You may

take your brother's plaid and bonnet with you,—to *sleep* upon, you know."

"You should not say much about that, master, for you wanted me to forswear myself there, you know. How would that stand before a presbytery; especially when given in charge to one you proposed to make your wife? It gars me rather dread that somebody's phrasing about heaven an' hell is a' naething but a pretence. But nae mair about that. Ye needna trouble yoursel' about me, for, though I leave your service, I dinna leave this country for some time."

"You *shall* leave this country, Sarah. After what hath passed between us, I will not see you debase yourself under my nose."

"When I step over your door-threshold, master, consider that I am no more under your control. I may take your advice, but not your command then."

"Sarah! I say, Sarah! I have much to say to you before you go away, and a good sum of money is owing to you beside. I am not very able to come out. Will you spend this night with me in my chamber?"

" I'll watch you wi' muckle pleasure, sir, if you think you will want anything, or I can come and gang frae my ain end."

" I want your company, Sarah, and you need not be the least afraid that I do you any harm."

" O, I'm no the least feared for that, sir."

Night came; and Sally, after two or three excuses, was at length placed snugly beside the reverend divine, in his closely-shut-up chamber, where he kept praying to her the whole night, complaining of her cruelty to him, and her unnatural affection for Peter Gow the smith. She attempted several times to get away, for she was sick of him; but, having no proper excuse for absenting herself, she was still prevailed on to remain. He again offered her marriage. She hesitated, and said it was more than she deserved, and an up-putting that mony ane better than she would be glad of: That she was bound to her kind master in gratitude as long as she lived; but really that was a station she durst

hardly take it on her to fill. He simpered a great deal, and pressed her to name a day for their marriage, but she declined it, waiving the subject each time as gently as she could, her principal excuse being always, "that she did not intend ever to marry!" It is probable the minister might take this as a hint, that she would rather choose to live with him as his mistress than his wife, for he forthwith made some new proposals to Sally, that, with all his ingenuity, he could not make her to understand; and, finally, to his utter amazement, she refused to remain longer with him as a servant. Then was the poor minister humbled indeed. He condescended to woo, to beseech, to flatter, all to the same purpose. Sally was cold as an icicle; civil, good-humoured, and unembarrassed, but steady to her resolution; for the truth was, that she was engaged in marriage to Peter Gow the great forester, as soon as she could get honourably quit of her jealous master, and get up her wages out of his hands. These had accumulated to a large sum, and she had some suspicions

that he could not conveniently part with the money; and very uncharitably supposed that to be one of the principal motives for his proposals to her. Therefore, having got her liberty, she resolved to avail herself of the opportunity, and, at the same time, that nothing should be wanting, on her part, of all deference, respect, and condescension. The minister pleaded, and better pleaded, and at length he drew his chair near to Sally's, put his arm round her neck, and drew her head towards his bosom. Sally, in adherence to her principle, made no resistance, but could scarcely refrain from immoderate laughter. I would have liked very well to have been the minister of Balmillo that night; but, if I had been he, I would have taken a very different mode of wooing from the one he adopted. Will anybody guess how he proceeded? I'll defy them all. He had his right arm round her neck, with her left cheek pressed to his breast. Excellent! He put his left arm below her arm, and clasped his two hands

together, somewhere nearly opposite to the region of the heart; and then he—What did he next, think you? Actually hung down his head over her shoulder and wept! Wept outright, long and bitterly, even till Sally's kerchief was literally soaked with true orthodox tears. Sally was bursting with laughter; and the minister feeling the restrained and violent motion of her chest, he conceived that she was crying too, and that made him far worse. "I have her now!" thought the minister of Balmillo.

O what a fine scene for dramatic representation! I would give five shillings to see Murray and his accomplished sister acting it over. An old amorous divine sitting howling over a sly beauty, and always between speaking through sobs and tears.

"Oh! And is it come to this! We have lived a long time together now, Sarah."

"Ay!"

"And very happily. Virtuously and happily."

"H'm, h'm."

"I have always been kind to you. Have I not been kind to you, Sarah?"

"Ay!"

"And yet you are going to leave me! Ho, ho, ho! After your love has been shed abroad on my heart you are going away to leave me, and throw yourself into the arms of a scullion. O lack-a-day!"

"Oh dear! Oh dear!"

"How can you be so obstinate as to refuse all my requests? Do you think I could refuse you anything?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"Ask any favour of *me*, and see if I will refuse it? Put me to the test, and prove *my* disinterested affection. Think of any one favour that I can grant to you, and ask it of me."

"If you please, then, sir, I will be very muckle obliged to you if you will grant me my wages for these last five years."

"Oh, Sarah, Sarah! What a cold, dry petition! What are wages—What is money between you and me? Had you nothing

else to ask but that? Oho-ho-ho! Nothing to ask of your kind preceptor, friend, and lover! Yes, I say *lover*. Nothing to ask of him but a morsel of filthy lucre! What a vile, diseased, hectic petition it is!"

"I beg pardon, sir. It's no liquor that I want; but I fear I will need my wee pickle siller."

"Siller again? Nothing but that poor medium uppermost with you? Well, well, you must have it! But yet, when I bethink me, since you are not to leave the country, it will be safer in my hands than in yours. I cannot find in my heart to cut that last bond between us. It would always give me some comfort to have you coming twice a year for the interest, and accepting or giving some small token of former kindness. Would not that be delightful, Sarah?"

"O no, that would not do."

"Why, Sarah? Why would it not do? Perhaps you think your clownish husband would be jealous of us? Well, perhaps so he would."

"He no needs. But hush! What is

that? As I live, there is somebody in the house—let me go."

"Nay, Sarah, you must not go. Consider, if you are seen leaving my room at this time of the morning, we are both ruined."

"I fear I am ruined as it is. If you hae undone me by your injunctions, what, think ye, is to come o' me? Hear! There is somebody near us. For Heaven's sake, let me go."

"No, no, you shan't stir a foot just now, nor till the sun-rising, so be content to remain."

Sarah did remain, though sore against her will, for she suspected, what really was the case, that her lover had come in quest of her. Perhaps the minister suspected something of the same kind, and therefore he would not permit her to stir from his side, and there he continued his querulous key till the morning. But, when day-light came, Sally still remained unmoved, and prepared to pack up her clothes, making ready for her departure. The minister

complained, threatened, and entreated, all by turns, and all to the same purpose; for it had been settled by Sally and her lover, that she was to come and live with his mother, and make some preparations for their wedding, which she could not do while continuing in service. Sally was tired of the prosing parson, and longed to be near her heroic lover, and at liberty to converse with him when she listed, and perhaps behaved rather too obstinately to the parson, considering his destitute condition, without either a serving-man or maid. Perceiving that he could not prevail on her, he pretended to take such treatment and such ingratitude in high dudgeon, and in the end he turned her out of his door, protesting that he dismissed her his service for disingenuousness and leasing, and charging her never again to cross his threshold. She took him at his word with free good will, begged to have her wages, but, these being refused, she departed to the village to the cottage of the Gows.

Peter had been like a man beside him-

self all that morning, and none of his assistants in the repairing of arms could do a turn to please him. At one time he blew the bellows with such unnatural force that he blew the fire off the hearth; at another, he would burn the steel to a blue cinder, or, pulling it from the fire hissing hot, demolish whole weapons at a blow. The great forest-keeper of Glen-Avon and Glen-Errick was gone mad, and worse than mad; for the black fiend of jealousy had taken possession of his whole capacious and fiery soul. He had come up to the Manse at a late hour to see his sweetheart, for he was concerned about her being obliged to enter to her house-keeping before her health was fairly re-established; and went up, not on any amorous enterprize, but with the kindest motives of which the heart of man was capable. He found the doors both bolted, and, not being able to make Sally answer to the accustomed signal, he was seized with a yearning anxiety to know what had become of his sweetheart, or how she was en-

gaged. There was not a creak nor a cranny about the parson's kitchen of which Peter did not comprehend the uses and conveniencies. He had means, known only to himself, of opening the latch of the window-board from the outside, and, though he had long been conscious of having the possession of this valuable secret, he had never availed himself of it, from a sense that it gave him an undue advantage over his sweetheart, and that if ever it was discovered it was sure to be obviated. He was driven to it that night, and, leaving his plaid and brogs outside, he drew himself cautiously in at the window. He approached Sally's bed with a palpitating heart, but

"The sheets were cauld, an' she was away."

"Ohon! Ohon-an-righ!" said Peter to himself, as he stood scratching his great bowzy, bristly head, in the dark kitchen. "Ohon! what can be become of my betrothed bride? He that thinks he has hold of an admired beauty, has, I suspect, only an

eel by the tail. If I find her taking a tid of courting with another to-night—What shall I think? I shall think that she is resolved to make the most of her spare time. But, in the meantime, I'll break the greatest part of my gentleman's bones, whoever he may be."

Peter drew himself out at the kitchen-window again, and went straight to the hay-loft. He groped it all so narrowly that he would have found a rat had it been there, but he found no living thing. He searched every corner of byre, barn, and stable, in the same way. Sally and her extra-lover were not to be found. By this time the story of the minister and the hay-loft, and the night-gown and the slippers, had begun to crow in Peter's crop, and, unlikely as it was, he could not disgorge the bitter morsel. It barmed and wrought there till the cork of reason bolted away with an explosion that had almost stunned him, and he went about the minister's office-houses dotering in a great hurry, first turning to the one hand and then the other, and again

turning round altogether like a sheep that has the sturdy, or, rather, the *hydrocephalus*, as it is most learnedly termed in that most eligible work, "Hogg on Sheep." Peter was excessively bamboozled, but by a sort of natural instinct he was drawn back to the kitchen-window. There was nothing there, so he had no shift but to draw himself in at it once more. He went again to Sally's bed. She had not been in it that night, for it was neatly made down, soft, and smooth. By that time Peter found that he was seized with a slight touch of a fever, and, as all sick people do, he betook himself to bed; down in his sweetheart's bed he laid himself, but that, instead of allaying, only increased the malady; a flame as hot as a sea-coal fire burnt in his vitals, and there he reclined, with his elbow resting on the bed-stock, and his brown cheek leaning on his open hand, watching the moment that Sally should come in from the courting. "I'll give her such a salutation!" thought Peter. "I'll give her words sharper than a Highland claymore; and, if

she don't make a very good story out of it, I have done with her."

Sally came not; and at length the old theme of the minister came upward in Peter's mind once more. Still it was most unlikely either that such a man would ask his maid to be his companion over night, or that such a maid as his Sally would condescend to accept of such an invitation, if he had. "But ministers are only men!" said Peter to himself, "and women will be women till the end of the world!"

Peter, valuing himself on this new and important discovery in natural philosophy, resolved to avail himself of the principles it contained, and immediately he set about reconnoitring farther into the state of society then existing within the walls of the Manse. There were three doors between the kitchen and the parson's bed-chamber, and Peter thought, if they were all bolted, the chance of his reaching that Sanctum Sanctorum, that temple of sacred love, was small indeed. He met with small impediment, however, until he reached the cham-

ber-door itself, which was closely bolted, and all was darkness within. Peter laid his ear close to the key-hole, and overheard many words and disjointed sentences, imperfectly heard, and worse construed; and still, to Peter's jealous ear, every syllable proceeded distinctly and directly from the parson's feather-bed. "This is a fine business!" thought Peter. "D—n all bachelor divines, and their maiden housekeepers!"

Peter heard enough. It is true he heard wrong, but he could not help that. He believed he heard right, and felt and acted accordingly. In particular, he mistook the import of one word of three syllables, which the reader will observe as one rather out of its place, and that word served as a key to all the rest of the dialogue. He heard that his beloved was ruined; that she was expected to come twice a-year and grant her *lover*, yes, her *lover!* some favour; and that perhaps her clown of a husband would be jealous of all this.

At this part, Peter, losing command of

himself, gave the door a wrench, but it refused to yield to his strength; and that noise putting a period to the tender colloquy, a pause ensued, in which the indignant lover got leisure to reflect a little on what he was doing. "What am I about?" thought Peter.—"Yes, Peter Gow, I ask you, what are you about?" said he within himself, striking his hand on his breast.—"After all your brave exploits and high advancement, are you going to run the risk of being hanged for house-breaking? And for what are you going to run such a risk?—For a jilt—a jinker—an old beggarly parson's kept miss! I would rather be a handle to a frying-pan, ere I were husband to such a minx, or a lover to such a leman! Farewell, Mrs Sally! and may Baronsgill's benison be your mead—sermons and sour crout, till you turn to a haberdine!"

The great forest-keeper, blacksmith, and conqueror of the Earl of Loudoun, with fifteen hundred whigs, was fairly put to the rout, by stooping to become an eaves-

dropper; and it was well bestowed on him; for nothing could be more unmannerly than thus to intrude on the privacy of a minister and his maid, at such an untimeous hour. It is quite unbrookable to be either in the one situation or the other: I know by experience, and that Peter Gow felt. He made good his retreat by his old passage, got home to his cheerless bed, lay tossing and turning till day-light, then rose, and demolished whole heaps of whig armour. Never was there a man so totally overcome by love, rage, jealousy, and boundless thirst of revenge—alas! too great a combination of hot ingredients for the constitution of a blacksmith!

Sally, after a sleepless night, began early to pack up her clothes,—and a good stock of handsome clothes she had; she folded them all neatly up in her trunk, locked it, and sent it down to the village to the care of old Mrs Gow, her mother-in-law who was so shortly to be. Then she went to her master, and proffered him an inventory of

all the things in the household that had been intrusted to her care. He refused to take them off her hand, with unbending sullenness, unless she remained until term-day, which she refused, saying, that, "after what had passed between them, that was impossible. But you will find everything correct," added she; "take my place who will, she will find everything clean, whole, and in good condition; and I am sure I wish you may get a better servant than I have been; as for me, I shall never find a kinder master."

The minister cast a pitiful look at her, but he perceived the settled firmness of her resolution portrayed on her countenance, and forbore farther pleading. She requested to have her wages, but he refused to pay her, on some shabby, mean pretence, on which, for the first time in her life, she accosted him so sharply, that she put him fairly out of countenance, and made him shrink within his sordid self. Finally, she told him, that she would have her wages in a short time, if there was either law or jus-

tice to be had in the country; and that, far as he had brought her from home, and friendless as he might suppose her to be, she would find some to take her part. On these hard terms they parted, in high offence with each other; and, when Sally left the house, the parson shut the door behind her with a loud clash, as if glad to be quit of a pestilent thing that he dreaded.

She proceeded down to the village, highly offended with the conduct of her late lover and master, but, at the same time, rejoicing that she was free of him, and anticipating the highest felicity with her brave and honest lover, for of her complete influence over him she had not the slightest suspicion, having proved that in innumerable instances. But, ere ever she came near old Gow's long irregular cottage, she perceived her trunk lying on the green before the door, with its four feet uppermost. "By my troth," said she to herself, "but my Pate treats his Sally's flitting with very little ceremony indeed! I'll set up the great burly nose of him for this!—Why,

dear auld mother Margaret, can ye no gie house-room to your poor Sally's bit kist the day?"

"Ohon-an-righ! tat ever her did do live to pehould tis dhay mhorning! Cot doo teliver mhy sins, fat is to be done! Mhy son is ghone peyond himself, and it pe Cot's mharvel tat I am nhot ghone mhad too! Fat has peen fallen? Are you te quarrel? Are you te prhoken fhow? For te mhercy of te lhofe of Hefin, tell her fat pe te wrong! She pe in such a raitch! Ohon! ohon!"

"What are you saying, dear mother? Who is in a rage?"

"Who in a raitch! Who put your lhofer, and mhy own son? Cot's plessit fhingers! if he tid nhot toss your ciste out at te toor, and plow it wit his prog foot, till I tought she would co all to pieces! And ten he is rhamping and raitching, as if he would plow up te fhire of haill apout our sites!"

"What! my Pate in sic a key as that? Ha-ha-ha! I'll settle him! I'll soon bring him about!"

"Ochon! for te sake of te creat Mac-

Maighdean, dhear, dhear Mor Gilnaomh, trhy if you can turn him abhout to some rheason, for she pe clhean mhad at te time of nhoow. Ochon! I doo mharvel fat is te pecome of him. He is run off from all work; and ten him lhook so pad! Oh, I am so frhightened! and I wish him mhay nhot come pack till te raitch pe ghone away pack!"

"I wish I saw him in sic a fine caper as this; it wad be something so quite new to me, I wad delight in it.—But my wish is granted, for yonder he comes half running."

Old Mrs Gow fell a-crying for terror, and ran about, holding up her hands, and praying in Gaelic. Peter came in, as wan as a ghost; his features drawn all out to an enormous length; his lip quivering; and his hands involuntarily wringing an oak cudgel that he carried in his hand.

"Heaven's peace be wi' us, dear Pate! what's the matter wi' ye, that ye look that gate? Ye're surely no weel, lad? Hae ye seen a witch, that has gart ye glime and glower in sic a way?"

"Ha! hum!" said Peter, shaking his head, and stamping with his foot; "No; I have *not* seen a witch, but I have seen worse; I have seen a b——!"

"Oh, dreadfu'! what a sight that was! Was she a fox ane, Peter, that she has frighted ye sae ill? Tell me, my braw man, was she a fox-bitch, or a bitch-fox, that ye saw, that has put ye sae sair beside yoursel?"

"Worse than either of them—Worse than them both! May the burning deils of vengeance—But, no, no—I'll hold my peace!—I'll command myself!—Featherbeds and cushions!"

"Peter, you are raving.—This is no jesting. Let me feel your pulse, dear Pate; and give me a kiss; for there is something in your looks that almost frights me away from you.—Na, but ye're no to turn your back on me, and tremble and shake that gate; for, indeed, Pate, if ye winna do aught at my request, I maun e'en lay my commands on ye, an' these, ye ken, ye are bound in honour to obey. In the first

place, then, Maister Peter, gang an' bring in that bit trunk o' mine, an' set it carefully down at the fit o' the bed where I lay when I was ill."

Peter ran to the trunk; but, in place of taking it up, he tossed it with the sole of his foot away farther from the door, and, lifting up his oak cudgel, he gave it a thump that made its ribs crash. Sally grew pale, and stood like a statue; Mrs Gow shrieked, and prayed, and ran to hold her son by the arm, to prevent him from farther outrage, expostulating with him, in a shrill hysterical voice, thus:—

"Hold pack your hands, you mhost gracious fhool; and, if she will not pe having te fhear of Cot's heferlasting tamn pefore him's eyes, at lheast haif some respect to te fhemales of te womens. If I had not porn you, and prought you forward, I would haif peen said tat you had peen te ciochran of a salvage prute. Co and pelt upon your stuty, you creat ox pull, tat you pe! and nhot plow a cood maighdean's kiste. Tat house, Cot's tanks, is nhot yours, and I will

take te kiste into it my own self, and her tat belongs to it too; and tat she will."

"Well, mother, take into *your* house whom you will; but, if you take *her* in, you exclude me, for we two shall never again enter beneath the same roof."

"Hold your paice, I say, you creat bhaist! you pullock! you stot! you ram puck of te he-coats! Tat ever she should hear such a speak come out of a shon!—Ochna truaigh! Fat will be tone? And my tear oigh, too, tat was to haif peen my nighean!—Och, you tief-like plichen! you are not so petter as a bhaist!"

"Who has offended you, Peter?" said Sally, going kindly up to him, and offering to take his hand; "sure it wasna me; or, if I did, it was out o' my kennin.—Dinna act out of a' reason, without letting us ken the cause.—I hae neither done ill to you, nor said ill o' you, sin' we last partit;—then what for are ye sic a changed man?"

"Will you answer me one question fairly and honestly, then?"

"That I will—twenty o' them."

"Where were you last night?"

"Ah! is it that which shaggareens ye? So you were up looking for me last night?"

"That is not answering my question—I have some right to have it answered. I ask, where were you last night?"

"Why, I was here to meet you, and missed you.—I was as far as the Kirk of Cawdor with a friend, and to buy some little things; so it took me a good part of the night, and I came home this way, and missed you."

"Dishonest! dishonest! dishonest to the last! Why should there be falsehood, where there is no guilt? So then it is all as I dread. Could not you have told me, even though you had blushed a little, that you lay in the old dog of a minister's bosom? I know you now, mistress—I know you now! No wonder that you were in a hurry to leave your service and be married—Ha-ha-ha! Perhaps your clown of a husband might have been jealous? O yes!—perhaps so he well might—Ha-ha-ha!"

"It is surely impossible you can think so meanly of me as that, Peter?"

"Oh, quite impossible! Seeing and hearing are no evidences now-a-days—Ha-ha-ha! Think of you!—If you but knew what I think of you, mistress!"

Peter accompanied this last word with a motion the most derisive. He held out his fore-finger, and shook it at her, then, wheeling about, he put his hands in his breeches-pockets, and went away, whistling as loud as he could yell, into the woods of Balmillo. Sally turned to the old dame. She was standing with lifted hands, her head turned to one side, and her countenance, as the maiden deemed, bespeaking sentiments congenial with those of her son. But, instead of speaking, she chanted a verse of an old ballad, half in English, half in Gaelic. It ran nearly thus:—

"I tought I procht maighdean to my ochdair;
Vit a lò, and an uair, and a bruadar;
And I haif procht an gilmerein tere;
O te lèin-bhàis now, and te murt-f hear!"

Sally had heard enough; and, as the old woman vanished into the cot, the forlorn maid lifted her trunk with some difficulty, and, carrying it into an adjoining cot, she hired a man to carry it along with her for a mile or two; and then, taking the path up by the back of the village, that she might not be seen, with the tears streaming from her eyes, she bade adieu to the village of Balmillo. Yet she could hardly in her heart believe it to be for ever, although her lips repeatedly uttered the distressing word. How gladly would she have returned to her birth in the Manse! and, though almost certain that she would have been welcomed, yet wounded pride would not suffer her. After the way that she had parted with the minister that morning, and been discarded by her lover, she could not endure the humiliation of going back and asking admission again into the offended parson's service, as a last resource. "Would that I had the offer of his hand in marriage this night!" said she to herself; "how blithely would I accept of it, to be revenged

on the capricious and jealous smith! He may flatter himself that he can live without me;—that he *can not!*—I know thrice as much as that comes to. But oh to see him kneeling and begging forgiveness!—How I would spurn the dog!"

Sally had plenty of money; for, besides some of her own, she had the gold she had got from the Prince; but she had no friend or relative in the country; therefore, though she passed by the Manse, and held on her journey to the northward, it was with a heavy and irresolute heart. He was an old man who engaged to carry her trunk; it was heavy, and he therefore made but poor speed, so that Sally got but too much time to deliberate on the complete blowing up of all her prospects. These had been quite satisfactory to herself; and it was not without pain that she saw herself compelled, as it were, to begin life anew. She tried to trace all her misfortunes up to their source, with a disposition, natural to all mankind, to fix the blame on others rather than herself. It would not do; she could trace none

of them to anything else, save her own want of veracity. She had always judged it only a venial fault, or rather, like all others of her sex, a peccability to which it behoved her to yield in all things that related to the other sex. Now, for the first time in her life, she perceived what grievous consequences might result from it. She perceived that, if the minister had not been a silly, doating being, he could never have borne with her more, after finding her out in so many manifest falsehoods, not one of them of the least consequence either to herself or him, or that would not have looked better, if told precisely as they had happened. She regretted that she had not told her affianced lover the simple truth, that the poor parson was so restless, nervish, and feeble, by reason of his hurt, and the loss of blood he suffered, that he had requested of her to sit up with him, which she could not refuse. "If I had even told him that the poor, half-crazy man drew me to his breast, and compelled me to lean on him, why, as it was good sport to myself, would it not also have been so to honest

Peter?" thought she—"there is not a doubt of it. However, he has acted rashly, ungraciously, and ungenerously, and I shall never forgive *him*, forgive myself as I will."

Sally was convinced that Peter would follow her; that he would be upon the rack, and fit to hang himself, when he found that he had driven her away to seek her fortune; and therefore, to perplex him still the more, she did not take the straight road for Inverness, but turned down by the side of the river Nairn, and then crossed from that to the Nairn road. Before leaving the side of the river, she stopped to rest herself and her guide at a hamlet there, for she saw that the old man was weary with his load. She also meant to return him from thence, and hire a new one, the more completely to puzzle her repentant lover, who she was assured would pursue her; but, on her desiring her old guide to return home, and offering him liberal hire, he returned her an answer that ought to be recorded. His name was Finlay Shaw, an old retainer of the house of Balmillo, a very poor man,

but one who claimed near kindred with one of the minor chieftains of the Clan-More. "Why, Mustress Sally, how far is thou going, that thou be'st thinking auld Finlay Glash cannot pe te travel along with you, and carry your luttle but of a kust? If it is to the Edinbrught, she will carry it; and, if it is to the House of Shonny of Croat, she will carry it too, and the tevil a King Shorge happeny of yours shall go into her sporan for that account. I'll tell you, Mustress Sally, you saved the life of one that was worth more than the half of all the lives in Scotland, and the whoule of England, and, if my but of a life could serve you for what you have did, how happy would I pe to lay it up! If I had hills and lairdships, I would grant you them, Mustress Sally; but, since I have not, I will rejoice to give you my poor services; and te tevil be in my footsteps, if I shall go back as long as you need me, and tat is her soul's resolf."

It was vain for her to reason. Finlay was resolute; and away they jogged together. Sally, now finding what high sen-

timents her guide entertained of her, walked along with him, and conversed familiarly. The old man was very curious to learn why she had left the minister's service, but on this point Sally was quite close. He found, however, that she had no fixed place in Inverness to which she proposed going; he therefore said not a word till they came into the town, and, on passing the door of a neat white-washed house, he asked her if she would step in and see his sister, to whom he had something to say. The invitation came so exceedingly apropos, that Sally instantly and gladly accepted of it. Finlay said something to his sister in Gaelic, at which her whole countenance kindled with benevolence, and she welcomed her visitor with a courtesy that would not have disgraced a chieftain's hall. Finlay soon slid away out, and, from his own head, applied to one of the very principal Jacobite ladies, at whose request Sally had put her life at stake to save the life of Prince Charles, without, of course, knowing the least of that connexion. But Finlay had a plea of his

own, cogent enough; he insinuated, what he, indeed, suspected, that she had been turned out of a lucrative place on account of the heroic part she had acted. It was on the first of March that this application was made. The adherents of the house of Stuart were all on the alert at that period, and the spirit of the two adverse parties was borne out to extremity. The whole interest of the one was instantly put in motion on Sally's account. She was visited, flattered, invited, and almost adored, by the then reigning party in town; and some of the high dames even went so far as to hint, that the lips that had been kissed by the greatest and most accomplished Prince in the world, ought never to be saluted again by any below the rank of a chief, or a lord at the least.

Peter Gow never imagined that Sally had not returned to the Manse, and kept aloof for several days, in order to make her fully sensible of the high offence she had committed; but, when he came to learn that his treatment of her had driven her from the country, then his heart smote him, and,

with the regret, his love returned with double intensity. "I have wronged her," said he to himself, "after she had cast herself on me and my love. She has deserted the parson—a full proof that my base jealousies were unfounded; but I will give her full revenge by my humiliation, and make her all the amends in my power."

Peter got a long-tailed shaggy pony, mounted with a cavalry saddle and bridle, put on a pair of whig boots, that came no farther up than the bottom of his calf, and set out in search of his Sally, with intent, if he found her, to beg her forgiveness, confess his fault, and offer her his hand once more. On reaching Inverness, he soon found her out, for Sally had become the toast of the city, the admiration of the gentlemen, and the favourite of the ladies, every one of whom vied with the rest who should patronize her most. He found her in the house of Lady Ogilvie, and entreated the servant to procure him a word of her. The lady, getting wit of what was passing, went to see the spark, and return-

ed chuckling with delight, and giving a most ludicrous description of Miss Niven's country wooer, (for that now was her denomination among all ranks.) Sally sent him word that she had nothing to say to him, and she was sure he had nothing to say to her that she wished to hear; and she desired him, therefore, to go about his business. Peter was sore humbled; but he had not power to go away; he requested to speak with her, if it were but for the space of two minutes, but his request was absolutely refused, Lady Ogilvie highly approving of the spirit of her protegee. As a last resource, Peter desired to see the lady of the house. She went down stairs to him, and he told her a tale of humiliation and disappointed love, that might have melted any female heart. He told her that the girl had saved his life, and raised him to independence; and that, after all, he had used her with the utmost ingratitude, and could not live without obtaining her forgiveness. The lady assured him that she would obtain a free pardon for him, grievous

as his offences had apparently been; but that he must not presume on any further favour from her lovely ward, for, as he had forfeited that opportunity, she was now entitled, by her great and transcendent merits, to look forward to something more eminent than to become the wife of a country bumpkin. Peter took this worst of all, and vanished from the house, with his feelings grievously lacerated; but still he could not leave the town, and lingered on, in hopes of being able to accomplish an interview.

When Lady Ogilvie and her guests learned from Sally that this was the identical hero who had given such a signal overthrow to Lord Loudoun and his grand army, they were grieved at the reception he had met with beyond measure, and agreed, without delay, to fall on means of taking him in tow. Lady Balmillo being absent in Strath-Nairn, raising recruits, there was none of the Jacobite ladies who knew aught of Peter, save Lady Barbara, his old chief's only daughter. She was instantly dispatched in quest of him, and took him to the

house of Lady Gordon, to which all the rest repaired, as by chance, to see the redoubted blacksmith, that had achieved a feat unequalled in the annals of chivalry. If Sally was a great favourite, Peter soon became equally so, if not greater. They were delighted with him, on account of his blunt modesty; he spoke of the rout of the King's army as a thing of no consequence—as a matter of course, that it was impossible could have failed. They got him all mounted anew, styled him Squire Gow; and a more manly athletic figure was not in these bounds. But the only thing that Peter had at heart they seldom and barely mentioned; for they had sounded Sally, and found her invincible. Lady Shierloch remarked one day, in his presence, that, if ever two were designed by Providence for one another, these two were Squire Gow and Miss Niven, two people whose names were already rendered immortal. How Peter's countenance cheered up on hearing this!—"The merit is all her own," said he; "if it had not been for her, I should have been hanged before

that night, and the Prince had been murdered in his bed, or taken and exhibited by the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Loudoun as a show. If I cannot obtain her favour and forgiveness, I am the most miserable of men."

Lady Ogilvie, who knew how matters stood, here interposed, and said, that, of all others, it would be the highest imprudence of these two to be united; for that they were both well entitled to change their places in society, from the lowest to the highest. If they were married, they were in a manner compelled to remain in the same humble sphere which they at present occupied; and, if they were permitted to do so, it would be a disgrace to the Highlands, after the signal deliverances they had accomplished, on which the whole hopes and happiness of the kingdom depended.

Peter liked not this doctrine; but, there being some dissentient voices, he took heart, and lingered on from day to day, till the arrival of Lady Balmillo in town. She received the news of her hero's reception with high in-

dignation, said they were going to spoil and make an utter fool of a very valuable craftsman and vassal, and forthwith she ordered him home to his business. He was a true clansman, and had no will adverse to that of his chief, and so, without a single remark or objection, he saddled his long-tailed shelty, and hasted home, in a state of mind not to be envied. The lady then assayed the same plan with Sally, and ordered her likewise home, either to the Manse or the Castle, till such time as she could be conveniently married to the man to whom she knew she was affianced. But Sally had the Lowland blood in her veins, and laughed at obeying the mandates of a haughty dame. She told her flatly, but good-naturedly, that "she ettled at biding a wee while where she was, to see what wad cast up, an', if ever she gaed back to Balmillo, it wad be when she could do nae better."

I am now compelled, both from want of room, and want of inclination to the task, to desist from the description of some dread-

ful scenes that followed the events above narrated. But, as they are the disgrace of the British annals, it is perhaps as well that I am obliged to pass over them, although it makes a breach in a tale that has always been one of the deepest interest to me.—Peace to the ashes of the brave, and honoured be their illustrious memories! and long shall the acclaim of a loyal and persecuted race, celebrate the royal names of those, who have at last bowed to do justice to the enemies of their house, out of respect to the feelings in which their opposition had its origin.

THE stirring and enterprizing spirits of these fair Jacobites could not be at rest. Before the dismal catastrophe above alluded to, had been consummated, they had their darling Sally married to a young Highland gentleman. Most people know the general acceptation of that term in the North. He was not a chief, a chieftain, nor a laird, nor was he a son to any of these; but, in short,

he was a Highland gentleman;—one that had a right, from his lineage, to rank among his chief's cadets, but who had nothing beside, save his claymore, and some hopes in the success of Prince Charles. The name of this gallant appears to have been Alaster Mackenzie, from a document which I have lately seen. He paid his addresses to Miss Niven, in conformity to the injunctions of his distinguished female relations. But in doing this he performed no penance, for he admired her exceedingly, as was natural to one of his age and complexion, for Sally's beauty was of no common cast. She had a mould and features which none of her rank in the Highlands could equal; and her manners, though not highly polished, were easy and unaffected. Sally soon yielded to his proposals; but, it must be confessed, it was more out of revenge on Peter Gow, than from any warmth of newly-kindled affection. Peter's fondly-cherished hope being now by this step extinguished, he was also soon after

married to an elderly maid of some rank in his own clan, a marriage brought about solely by the dictates of Lady Balmillo.

END OF PERIL SECOND.

PERIL THIRD.

Jealousy.

CIRCLE FIRST.

By the time Sally had been married a full month, she found herself in a state the most pitiable of any to which the female mind can be subjected. *She knew not whether she was a widow or not!* She had seen her husband's kinsmen and associates hanged up, and butchered in the most wanton manner, as if for sport; her kind protectors led away prisoners, to be tried by their sworn enemies; and she herself had been obliged to steal away privately from Inverness, to avoid the brutality of a profane and

insolent soldiery. She had no resource but to fly to some of her husband's whig relations, for there only could she find safety, but there she found no very welcome reception. The generous effort that she had made to save the Prince's life, found no favour in the eyes of those whose hopes had been baulked by her success; and she perceived, that at best she was going to be a hanger-on about the skirts of certain proud families, who accounted it no honour to be thus connected with the peasant blood of the Lowlands, in the veins of however lovely a person that might flow. The young gentlemen were her only protectors. With the gallantry natural to youth, they could not see female beauty distressed and degraded, without proffering what support they had to bestow, consistent with the respect due to their own families. Several of these made every effort in their power to gain some intelligence of her husband, but in vain; they could not discover whether he had fallen in the general carnage of Cul-

loden, or made his escape. All that they could learn, was, that he went to the field as a gentleman volunteer with Colonel M'Kenzie, who fell in the front-line, and, therefore, the probability was that young Alaster had fallen with him. Sally would fain have escaped to her native place in the Lowlands, but the country was in such a state, all the posts being occupied by a licentious military, that a retreat from the Highlands to the south, especially by a beautiful young woman, was impracticable. Besides, her late master owed her L.24, which, in the then exhausted state of the country, was a considerable fortune to her. She once thought of going to him as her only retreat of safety, and throwing herself upon his mercy, but she learned that 800 of a rival clan were quartered in that district, and behaving in the most relentless and scandalous manner: That the minister had become despicable from the time that she had left him, and none of the parties paid any respect to him.

Sally was rather hardly bestead, but she was not destitute of money, having that she got from the Prince sewed up in her stays, besides some in her pocket. She determined, therefore, to leave the Mackenzies of the Carron, and endeavour to find her way into the country of her Jacobite relations, whatever dangers might intervene, in order to learn something of her brave, unfortunate husband. The delicacy of the affection that she now felt for him cannot be described. She had married him on a short acquaintance, and had enjoyed his company but a very brief while, and that short period of enjoyment had been interrupted by many alarms, marches, and countermarches. Still he had manifested great fondness for her, and she now felt, that her giddy, youthful levity, and fondness of the company of the other sex, were totally changed; and that all her affections and desires were centred on one object alone; on him to whom she had given the possession of her person were all her thoughts, and for his safety were all her

prayers offered up. She left Castle Fairburn early on a morning of July, near the end of that lovely month, having hired for a guide an old man named Duncan Monro, who could speak a little of both languages, and knew all her husband's kindred, and every cave and correi where those that had escaped of them behoved to be hiding. Old Duncan was, moreover, a privileged man, and procured a pass from his chief to march with his son, unmolested, wherever he pleased. Sally was thus obliged to assume a boy's dress, and follow her venerable guide whithersoever he might lead. He took care to make conditions for wages, which she thought extremely high, but, having no choice, she was obliged to acquiesce. She engaged to hold him in meat and drink, and give him two shillings a-day besides, a great wage at that time, when a Highland horse or cow could have been bought for eight shillings.

Contrary to what Sally expected, her guide led her straight to the south, and be-

fore mid-day they found themselves on the banks of the Beauly, the country of the Frazers, where all was ruin and desolation. Hamlet, castle, and villa, had shared the same fate; all were lying in heaps of ashes, and not a soul to be seen save a few military, and stragglers of the lowest of adverse clans scraping up the poor wrecks of the spoil of an extirpated people. Among others, whom should they overtake but daft Davie Duff, walking merrily along, with a spade over his shoulder. Sally, who had assumed her husband's name of Alaster, was delighted to see a face so long and so well known, but durst not discover herself. At the first sound of her voice David turned round so quickly, that he knocked down old Duncan with the mouth of his spade, but after he had turned he could not tell what made him do so. "Cùram sealbhaich!" said he, wheeling round again to Duncan. Duncan rose in a rage and gave him a hearty clout in return. "Nhow, Mhaister, curam sealbhaich yourself!" quoth he. "Wha te tevil should she pe tat is coing on te

king's high rwoat to knock town her lwoyal soopchect ?"

" Hu, craifing yhour parton, she pe Mhaister Tuff, cheneral purial mhaker to Khing Shorge, his Mhachesty."

" And I doo hope she will nhot ghet mhany of Mhaister King Shorge, his peoples, to pury here ?"

" Hu, put she ket a shilling for efery clansman, and two shillings for te rheidcoat, and I doo find her te prhofitable. She haif mhade four pounds out of te Frhazer, and seven-and-twhenty shillings of te Chishoom, pesides some smhall tings tat would nhot take te purn."

" Hu, hu, mhan, fat a pad pusiness you haif cot !"

" Nhot so pad as yourself mhay trhow. I choose mhy own cround, which is nhefer te hart, and nhot pe fery nice apout te teep of te craive. She pe thrhifing trhade. It was fery lhong pefore she cot in her hand, but she haif had it fhull of work tese tree mhonths."

" Hu, and whas it you tat fhollowed te

armies all trou Ross and Sutherland, and nhefer got a craive to mhake put one, and she was died of a cholich ?"

" Hu, and fat ten ? To pe shure I tid. Cot tamn tat Mhaister Loudoun, for him would nhot stand, else I should soon haif cot plenty of work. I am sure she followed him wit her spade mhore tan a tousand mhiles."

" Ooh, Mhaister Tuff, tere nhot pe so mhany mhiles in all Scotland as tat."

" Ay, but I pelieve tere pe a creat mhany mhore."

" And tid you nhefer get a craive to sink all tat way ?"

" Hu, tevil a one saif one fellow tat was died of a sore pelly, and she cot nho mhore but te croat on his purial. It pe tamn poor work. But, when I came south to Culloden, I nefer peheld so praive a sight. Tere were tey lhying tier above tier, and rhank pehind rhank; but te tevil a clhan of tem had a reid-coat mixed out through and through tem but te Mackintoshes. Tere was she lhying in hundreds apove te reid-

coat. She had cut tem all town, and ten peen shot town herself. Tere was one lhittle mhoss tere tat I am sure I puried a tousand in and mhore, and him will lhy fresh and whole in it too till te tay of shoodgment. Och, it was te praif sight, and te praif whork!"

"Pray, Maister Duff, were there many Mackenzies killed and buried there?" said Sally, unable to refrain longer from asking. Davie again turned round at the sound of her voice, and gazed, but, seeing the speaker a young man, he was incapable of suspicion, and only said, "She tought she knew te shentleman's speak. Who might her pe?"

"Hu, she pe her own son, Alaster Monro, and was upon asking what Mackenzies were slain at Culloden."

"Tere was some of te Cromarties cut down py te horse, and some with te Cornel, but she tid nhot see mhany of their tartan."

"Pray, are ye the renowned Davie Duff that was aince buried alive at a place ca'd Balmillo?"

Sally's voice always arrested Davie's at-

tention, and took his mind from every thing else; he heard her voice, but he never heard her question. "Tis pe fery strhainge," said he; "hersel tought she was going to tream."

She tipped old Duncan a wink, on which he proceeded to worm poor Davie out of many a sad story about Balmillo, and, in particular, about the minister's pretty maid, of whom Davie was never weary of talking, nor could Sally, with all her address, make the two old rascals to quit the theme. Davie praised her to the skies, but regretted that she suffered "the old dog of a munister to kuss her."

"Put you know, Mhaister Tuff, if he did no mhore at all put to kuss her, tere was not fery creat harm in tat."

"Hu, put, if he tid nhot dhoo no mhore nhor kuss her, he had nhone put himself to plame."

Then the two old fellows laughed violently; and Duncan, thinking it fine sport to teaze his employer, continued his inquiries, contriving to make Davie say a num-

ber of ridiculous things; among others, he said, that "te munister and te smuth sometimes poth kussed te mhaid on te same nhight, and tey were so well pleased with her tat tey poth speired her to wife. And ten she took te prefer of te smuth, and te munister he was so pad tat he turned her away, and so she took tort and would nhot mharry nhone of tem. It was mhore petter tat it was so, for hersel cot honest Peter lying among te rhest at Culloden witout him's head."

"Ah! ye unfeeling monster! What did ye say?" cried Sally, in great agony. "Did you say you found Peter Gow lying murdered among the rest at Culloden?"

Davie was still unable to answer, Sally's voice acting like a charm over all his functions; but he now turned to her with manifest alarm, though unable to say wherefore, and repeated some hurried blessings on himself in Gaelic.

"Fat ails you, Mhaister Tuff?" said Duncan.

"Cot tak mhe if I know fat ails me,"

returned he; "put if she tid not tink it was te spirit!"

"Hout, hout, Mhaister Tuff! Tid you efer tink mhy son was te spirit of a plack-ern-smuth? Put how tid you know it was te smith when him wanted te head?"

"Hu, I knowed him py his creat much truim. Tevil a such another was in the whoule clhan. I could nhot fhind one piece of him's head, but I cave him fery cood purial, and mhade my shilling out of him too."

"Fat does his Mhachesty te Tuke of Cumberlhand pay you tat fhor?"

"Hu, hu, it pe for fhear of a lhittle tamn fhellow, a strhanger, tat him call Mhaister Plaick, or Mhaister Pistol, or some fhurious nhame as tat."

"I nefer tid hear of such a chief, or of such a clhan before, Mhaister Tuff."

"It is the plague or pestilence, that he means," said Sally.

"You haif porrowed a tongue and a speak, tat was neither your fhader's nhor your own, Mhaister Alaster," said he. "But tat pe te fery shentleman tat did put them

to fright, and mhade a post of hersel. Oho! tere pe some of te Frhazer here, I know by te strhoke of her nhose."

As he said this, they came to a large hamlet that had lately been reduced to ashes, and Davie went instinctively up to it, and fell a-digging, pretending that he smelled some of the Frazers underneath. Duncan observed, that, without assistance, he might dig there for a month before he ascertained all that was underneath. The other said he would search it all in an hour, for "he knew py te strhoke of te nhose, (the scent,) where him was, and tat she pe always in te same plhace."

"Fat dhoo you mhean, Mhaister Tuff?"

"Hu, see, tere pe him's toor, and here pe him's ped. Te pothys be all alike, and every one of te podies I get in pelow te wattle ped. Stop, and I will soon let you see," added he, and instantly fell a-digging. It was not long till he came to the bodies of a woman and two boys, half roasted. She seemed to have been their mother, and to have been endeavouring to cover them with

her own body to preserve them from the flames. The two journeyers were horrified at the sight, but David took it very deliberately, assuring them, that "the reid-coats nefer suffered a poy to mhake his way, for tat tey always put a paygonet trou his pody pefore tey fired te house, or else pound up te toor. I was myself in Keppoch's country," said he, "when tey were purning her, and I heard a captain say to his mhan, 'Cot tamn you, Nett, fat you pe turking all te poor pairns? Cannot her lhet them alhone to pe purn in peace?'

"'Ooh, tamn him's plood!' said he. 'I like to see how tem Scots puddocks sprawl and funk. Lhook! Lhort, lhook, sir!' cried he, putting te turk on te nhose of him's gun trow a poy, and into te grhound, 'Lhort, lhook, sir, fat a lhife is in te tevils; how him girns, and struggles, and faughts, ha, ha, ha!'

"'Tamn you for a mackan-madadh!' said the captain, and knocked him town."

Davie cut the laps of the ears from the three victims, rolled each pair up by them-

selves, and proceeded to bury them, while our two travellers advanced on their journey.

They came that night up into the country of the Chisholms, a part of which they likewise found laid waste, but the chief had found means to preserve a part of his territories unskathed; and, besides, the country was so full of natural fastnesses, forests, and inaccessible wastes, that the greater part of the clan escaped. Duncan and his pretended son were kindly treated; and, when it was known that two strangers had come into the strath, great numbers gathered to them at night-fall to hear the news, on which they were earnestly intent, although these conveyed no hopes of any mitigation of their sufferings. From that night forth, Sally had a bad opinion of her guide, and, there being no confidence between them, the rest of the journey proved a tedious and disagreeable one. He always conversed with those he met in Gaelic, which she did not understand; and, by the looks of the natives, she often suspected that he was telling her secret, at which she felt

exceedingly awkward. After the second night, she would have gladly got quit of him, but found it impossible, for he had conducted her into the wilds, among a savage people of whose language she was ignorant; and she felt, that, without some intelligence of her husband, existence would be intolerable. She was, therefore, compelled to persevere on in her pilgrimage, than which nothing could be more disagreeable.

Her guide had set out with the view of visiting a district called Kintail; but some intelligence that he got by the way at a village called Comer, induced him to change his course, and turn quite away towards the north. They travelled by a wild track for three days more, and all the way came to skulking parties, who, seeing them strangers and unarmed, came fearlessly to them, and inquired what they were about? whither they were going? and what were the news? Duncan had the art of soon allaying all suspicions, for every one of these proscribed and wretched parties treated them civilly, and, on being conducted to their retreats,

they never missed finding plenty of provisions.

Although old Duncan was strictly close concerning the information he received by the way, and treated his employer churlishly and with very little ceremony during their wearisome journey, his intelligence had, nevertheless, been of importance. On the evening of the third day after leaving Comer, they came to an almost inaccessible place on the lands of Letterewe, on the banks of a great lake, where there was not even a path for a deer to walk on. As they approached the house, Duncan let her know, that now he was going to introduce her to some of her husband's near kindred, on which she begged of him to let her remain incog for a space, till she heard their sentiments both of her husband and herself. He promised; and then she besought him to speak in English, that she might hear what was passing; but to this he objected, assuring her that no one there would talk in English with him. They came to the house. It was a long, turf-built cottage, quite green outside, but,

on entering, they found it divided into apartments, and inhabited by some ladies manifestly of a superior rank. There were likewise some female domestics, but no man appeared. The inmates eyed our travellers with looks of dark suspicion ; but still old Duncan had the art of lulling all these asleep with uncommon facility, and, in a short time, the two were hospitably entertained among the menials. There were two young ladies in the house, and two above middle age ; and, whenever any of the former came into the fore-kitchen, they paid marked attention to Alaster, on account of his beauty and modest demeanour ; and, Duncan having assured them that he had spent the greater part of his life in the Lowlands, at various schools, which had spoiled his good Highland tongue, they always spoke to him in English ; and at night they laid him in a little truckle-bed, on a loft immediately above the only sitting-room in the house. Alaster, as we shall continue to call Sally, fell sound asleep by the time she had well laid down her head, though with a heart

ill at ease; and about midnight she was awakened by a number of voices in the room below, which she heard distinctly to be those of men. She heard every syllable that was pronounced, for there was no ceiling between her and the company, but, the conversation being mostly in Gaelic, she could not comprehend the purport of it. She had not, however, lain many minutes awake, ere she thought she recognized her husband's voice among the rest, and every time she heard that voice it made her whole soul thrill with the most unspeakable emotions. "He certainly lives, and is hiding here," thought she; "and I shall again see him in whom only my sole hope of happiness in this world is now centred. Oh! If it is he, how thankful shall I be for his preservation, and for this happy discovery! for without him I am nothing. And yet, HE ABOVE ALL only knows how I shall be received among my husband's proud relations, who estimate all gentility and worth only on the scale of descent."

These were some of our lovely adventu-

rer's reflections, as she lay restless on the heather bed, and ever and anon she heard the name Alaster pronounced. She became all but confirmed in her belief; and at length she heard a great bustle about the break of day, which she perceived to be occasioned by the party breaking up, and returning again to their fastnesses. Still she heard that there was a part of the group left behind; for, on the general buzz of conversation subsiding, a torrent of ardent whispering succeeded, and she conceived that she sometimes still heard the name of Alaster breathed from female lips. Our poor perturbed listener at that moment, for the first time in her life, felt the seeds of a terrible distemper beginning to sprout up in her bosom's inmost core. They had even a deeper root, if such a supposition is admissible, for their tendrils felt as if interweaving themselves with the vital energies of the soul. She felt a giddiness in her head, and a burning at her heart, and, sitting up in her bed, she gasped for breath. While in this position, she perceived a faint ray of light

at the one end of her loft, which she deemed must issue from the candle in the room below. With the softest movement of the best-trained country maiden, she glided to the aperture, and found it a small crevice between the flooring and the joists, at the head of the stair, or trap, by which she had ascended. Through that she descried her husband,—her own wedded and tenderly-beloved husband! still in the bloom of youth, health, and beauty. But, the moment that she saw him, she wished to Heaven that she had never seen him again. He was sitting with one of the young ladies of the house on his knee, and pressed to his bosom, their cheeks leaning to one another. Her arm was round his neck, and both his clasped around her waist. That they were fond and passionate lovers, was manifest at first sight. Sally had very nigh fainted; but the ticklish situation in which she stood induced her to make an effort to keep up her spirits, which she effected by calling proud offence and displeasure to her aid. She had made some noise, for she saw the

amorous pair listen as with some degree of alarm, and she heard the lady name Duncan and Alaster Monro, at which her husband, she thought, looked displeased. She returned to her bed, and laid her down and wept, wishing that she had died before connecting herself with those above her station, and that she might never see the rising of another sun. She thought of Peter Gow, now no more, and of what he must have felt, if convinced of her infidelity to him; and, now that death had cancelled all thoughts of retaliation, and she felt how poignant were the pangs of jealousy, she excused her lost lover in her own breast, and, among other woes, dropt the briny tear for him.

While she lay in this disconsolate and miserable plight, she heard footsteps approaching, and, peeping from below her russet coverlet, she beheld the light of the candle flashing on the rafters, and instantly her lover and his elegant paramour entered from the trap-stair. There was another bed of the same sort in the loft, and

it instantly struck Sally that the two were come to repose together in it, regardless of the presence of a wandering boy, who knew nothing, and cared less, about their connexion. Her sensations may be partly conceived; but, in the midst of this hideous dilemma, she formed the resolution of checking their guilty commerce, if possible. She turned herself in her bed, and made a sham cough, to remind them that a third person was in the apartment. "A' codalaich," said the lady, and was going to retire; but he still held her by the hand, and addressed her with great ardour, while she continued always to answer in monosyllables, and often by the adverb *seadh*, (yes.) At length they took a kind embrace, and parted, amid a torrent of sighs and tears; and, without wholly undressing, he threw himself into the other bed, and in a few minutes was sound asleep.

What a situation for a fond young spouse to be in! How gladly would she have folded him to her bosom, and breathed the blessings of love on his lips, had the late

scene of love and dalliance been hid from her eyes. But now her cup of misery was full to the brim; her love was changed to resentment. But what did that resentment avail? all sort of revenge or retaliation was out of her power, and, in the bitterness of her anguish, on a first view of wronged affection, she resolved on leaving the Highlands for ever, and concealing her disgrace among her relations in Mid-Lothian, from whence the promise of high wages had at first tempted her. She was house-maid to the parson of Lasswade, when, on a visit from his reverend brother of Balmillo, at the time of the General Assembly, she was induced to engage as house-keeper to the latter. She therefore began once more to think of the banks of the Esk, which she had of late given up all thoughts of ever seeing again.

After reposing about two hours, the gallant fugitive arose, and, in great haste, donned his clothes and arms, as if aware of danger to himself or others. The perturbation of Sally's heart was at that time be-

yond all description. She thought that haply she might never see him again; and three or four times his name hung, as it were, on a balance at the root of her tongue —it wavered backward and forward between the open air and the inner bosom to which it was still dear. "Alaster Mackenzie!" she was going to say—"My dear Alaster, where are you going?" But the fiend Jealousy shook his gorgon front before her tinctured eye, the half-syllabled name was breathed forth in a sigh, and it would not be recalled. He gave one instinctive, bewildered look to the dark bed, as he buckled on his claymore, the next moment he disappeared by the trap-stair, and she heard the outer door of the solitary mansion open and close again, as with soft precaution.

Sally wept till her pillow was bathed in tears, but still it brought no relief to her bursting heart. Hers was a sorrow that admitted of no mitigation. She arose at an early hour, and went up into a linn behind the house. The scene was such a mixture of the serene, the beautiful, the

sublime, and the tremendous, as the wilds of Caledonia cannot equal. The broad and extensive loch of St Mari (for there is likewise a St Mary's Loch in Ross-shire) lay stretched beneath her feet in burning gold; the numerous isles on its placid bosom were all covered with tall and hoary woods, whose origin seemed to have been coeval with the birth of time; the snowy sea-birds sailed the aerial firmament above these, and, in the purple beams of the rising sun, appeared like so many thousands of flaming meteors. Some of them swam softly on the surface of that glorious mirror, on whose illimitable downward bosom a thousand beauties and a thousand deformities were portrayed; others flew through the middle space, and aroused every slumbering echo among the rocks, with their shouts of joy; while others, again, traversed the upper stories of the air, so high, that they seemed emulous of singing their clamorous matin at the gates of the morning. The marble mountains of Applecross rose over against her, like three stupendous natural

pyramids; a dense cloud covered all their intermedial columns and ravines, but their pure white tops appeared above it, like monuments hung between heaven and earth, or rather like thrones of the guardian angels of these regions, commissioned to descend thus far to judge of the wrongs of the land.

No eye could look on such a scene without conveying to the heart some exhilarating emotions; nor was it altogether lost on the jaundiced eye of our depressed and desolate wanderer. She felt disposed to adore the Author of so much beauty and happiness, and to throw the blame of human woes on human infirmities alone. As she ascended the verge of the precipice, she had been saying to herself, "Why has the Lord set me as a mark whereat to shoot his poisoned arrows? Why am I thus subjected to sufferings beyond those laid on the rest of my sex?" But now, with the tear in her eye, she kneeled beside a gray stone, and prayed this short and emphatic prayer: —"Lord, pardon my sins, and enable me

to distinguish between the workings of thy righteous hand, and the doings of erring and guilty creatures !"

She descended into the bottom of the ravine, on a path made by the feet of the goat and the wild-deer ; it was a gully, fifty fathom deep ; all the rocks on both sides were striped with marble, and the silver current was pouring alongst its solid bed, which, for all the world, had the appearance of the hide of the zebra. Sally washed the tears of the night and the morning from her lovely face, plaited up her locks in the way that the young Highland gentlemen of that period wore their hair, adjusting all her masculine attire with a neatness of which most young men would have been incapable, and then she wandered up among the rocks and the cliffs for the whole remainder of the forenoon, always thinking to herself, that haply she might meet with poor Alaster skulking among these precipices.

She returned to the shealing of Letterewe, and the very first who accosted her was her husband's inamorata, who paid her

every attention. The lady was elegant in her person and manners, and a shade of soft melancholy seemed brooding over her youthful face. She was so kind and respectful to one she took for a poor wanderer, looking after some lost relation, that Sally could not hate her, much as she felt disposed to do so; for she said to herself, "There is no doubt that that lady is ignorant of my husband's marriage." Sally felt that her rival was her superior in every respect; and she could well have excused her husband's preference of her, had it been manifested in time; but, as it was, of his crime there was no palliation.

Sally next sought her guide, old Duncan, and found him inquiring after her at some cottagers near the head of the lake. He had been busy all the morning, endeavouring to discover how matters stood; but he told her he found the people exceedingly close and secret; they were jealous of his whig name, he said, and rather tried to mislead him in everything. However, from what he had learned by dint of perseverance, he

was certain that her husband either was thereabouts, or had been there very lately; and that he and some other friends had been making preparations for quitting the country immediately for America. Sally had still one faint hope remaining. She inquired at Duncan, in what relation her husband stood to the ladies of the house? He told her, that one of the elderly females was his aunt, the rest were all his cousins, in what degree he was not certain. Sally's resolution was taken. She perceived that her husband meant to emigrate with his new mistress and kinswoman with all expedition, and leave herself in the lurch. She was disgusted beyond measure; and, seeing no probability of preventing the shameful measure, she deemed that the less blaze she made about it the better. She paid Duncan his wages; gave him a handsome gratuity, and desired him to make the best of his way home, as she would possibly linger about in disguise till she could learn the issue. She was no more seen on the banks of Loch-Mari; for, taking her small bundle

of woman's attire below her arm, she stripped off her hose and brogs, and bent her course straight to the south, weeping, and little caring about the consequences. She went fearlessly into every cottage, bothy, and cave, to which she came, asking at all the people that she met the nearest road for Inverness; and, judging it requisite for one with the Lowland tongue to be asking after some one of the country, she chose the name of one who was once dearest to her, and whose name again sounded with a melancholy sweetness to her ear; and she asked for him the more readily, that she knew he was not to be found.

She meant to have journeyed by the braes of the Conon, as the nearest way; and she likewise intended to have lodged a night at Fairburn Castle; but an interesting stranger, who overtook her by the way, persuaded her to accompany him, which she did; and he led her by a wild rough glen, called Monar, but was exceedingly attentive to her all the way. She asked him if he knew if there was one Peter Gow hiding in that

country, for that she had been a long journey in search of him to no purpose?—He had often heard the name, he said, and would probably find means of satisfying her before they two parted. He knew the retreats of all the hiders in that dreary waste, and visited sundry of them by the way, by all of whom they were kindly treated. Every one of them was deeply interested in the beautiful Lowland boy, ranging that inclement and dangerous country in search of his proscribed relations, and offered their services. As they descended the glen of Strath-Farrer, he conducted her to a bothy in the middle of a romantic and beautiful wood, where he said he would be reluctantly obliged to leave her, as he was bound for Glen-Morrison that night, which was out of her way; but, at that bothy, he was deceived if she did not hear some accounts of her lost friend. "Alas! how widely you are deceived!" thought she; but, acquiescing in his plan, she accompanied him to the bothy, where they found a fine old woman, busily employed in boiling plenty of beef and

venison. The stranger and she had a great deal of discourse in Gaelic, and Sally heard them often both mention "Peader Gobhadh," the old woman always shaking her head, and wiping her eyes; but every now and then she eyed Sally with the most intense look. After some more conversation, of the purport of which our desolate wanderer knew nothing, the stranger took his leave, taking a haunch of venison, ready cooked, away with him. This singular man, it afterwards appeared, was no other than Hugh Chisholm, one of the six Culloden men, who were at that time supporting Prince Charles in a cave.

After Hugh was gone, the old woman attempted to question Sally in English; but such English never was attempted. They could make very little of one another; but, as Hugh had informed her what and whom the fine Lowland stripling wanted, and that he was come straight from the Mackenzies of Andlair and Letterewe, she knew he was a safe guest, and treated him with the greatest kindness.

The bothy was full of beds—there was nothing else in it; these were built of stone and turf, and filled with fine heather; the sides, being about two feet high, served for seats; the fire was in the middle of the cot, and the beds went round and round it, so that it was a very convenient and comfortable lodging. Little as Sally understood of her hostess's language, she thought she perceived in her accents a little of the Speyside, or Strath-Airn tongue, for which she loved her the better; and, having washed her feet, she laid herself down on one of the beds, and sunk into a sound sleep. She dreamed of Peter Gow.—She at first saw him lying on "the scathed brow of Culloden," as Grieve has it, "where neither wild flowers nor verdure were to be seen springing, but whence the unholy deeds of man had expelled the genial influence of nature, who had fled, and cursed it for evermore."—She thought she saw him lying there, a headless trunk, his great Spanish gun lying beside him, and heaps of the unnatural redcoats lying around both; and, as she was

weeping and lamenting over him, behold another handsome and fiery youth approached, with his sword drawn, and asked what she was weeping for? She found she could not tell him; on which he said, that, if she was weeping for the loss of that man, he would pierce her heart. When he said this, the dead corse struggled and rolled on the field, and at last, starting up, there stood Peter Gow, in all his manly lineaments of make, and dared the other to touch but a hair of that female's head, and he should feel the weight of his vengeance!—"Thou mean deceiver! thou traitor!" said the other, "advance but one foot in this quarrel, and she has breathed her last!" Peter drew his sword, and rushed forward; but that moment the other ran her through the body with his weapon.

In the midst of her dying struggle she awaked, and, for the space of two or three minutes, seemed insensible to all around her. When perception began to return, she perceived that the cottage was full of savage-looking men; but, by degrees, her

sole attention was fixed on the one next to her—one that sat at her bed-foot, watching over her with anxious concern. She gazed at him in appalling amazement; her dream seemed to be continuing, and carrying along with it the thread of the hideous drama, in the folds of which it had involved her. It was Peter Gow on whose face she looked; but how wan his cheek, and how altered his features! She sprung up to a sitting posture, till her face almost met with his, and, uttering a loud and piercing shriek, sunk backward in a swoon.

Peter had been told by the old dame, who was his paternal aunt, that the handsome Sassenach that lay asleep was in search of him, and had been so employed for many days. His curiosity was greatly excited; he took a light, examined the features, recognized an acquaintance with the face, but could give no account when or where he had seen it. As he sat hanging over it, the perturbation caused by her dream increased, and caused her wakening. The moment she fainted, he caught her up in his arms,

and bore her to the open air, on which she soon began to revive; but, on seeing the old dame, and others of the strangers, gathered about them, as soon as she was capable of utterance, she hinted to him that she wished to speak a word to him by himself. The rest retired, and he half led, half supported her, into a thick part of the wood, where he seated her upon a soft mossy knoll, and placed himself beside her; and, after waiting a while, and desiring her not to put herself in any agitation, the following dialogue ensued:—

"Do you not know me, Peter Gow?"

"Oo, perfectly well; both the voice and features are familiar to me; but my memory is so full of holes, that it is actually like a sloggy riddle, letting through all that's good, and retaining what is worthless.—I cannot, for my life, name you at this instant."

"Have you so soon forgot Sally Niven?"

"Sally Niven! Sally Niven!—What? my own Sally of Balmillo?—No—that's impossible! Lord have mercy on me! if

it is not the very creature! Oh dearest, dearest Sally! are you still living? and do I see you again?"

He then snatched her to his bosom, and imprinted many kisses on her glowing lips, her cheek, her chin, and her brow.

"Peter Gow!" said she, "ye are doing ye dinna ken what, an' acting ye dinna ken how.—Ye are neither thinking o' your ain state, nor of mine."

"State!" exclaimed Peter; "what care I for either one state or another! I never kissed the cross, or the image of the blessed Virgin, with more pure and celestial feelings than I do your lips at this moment.—These are the kisses of gratitude and esteem, and with anything selfish have nothing to do."

"I believe it, Peter, I believe it, for my own heart tells me it is true; with these sentiments, you are free to embrace me as often as you please."

"If I am not, I should be so; and, besides, I was so long accustomed to intercede, with all my eloquence, for a kiss, and

get one, as a particular favour, so seldom, that now, as a free agent, I feel greatly disposed to make up my lee-way."

"How, or where is Mrs Gow?" said Sally, in order to check his ardour.

"Och! she is well enough, and safe enough, for anything that I know; but we Culloden men have had so much ado to escape from the cruelty of our beastly and insatiate foes, that really we have been compelled to let the wives shift for themselves. But your question reminds me of my neglect in not asking for your gallant husband, in these trying times."

"Alas! I have no husband, Peter!"

"What do you say? No husband? Sure you are misinformed; for I know he made his escape, and I know he is in safe hiding."

"Do not inquire anything at me, Peter, as you esteem me. Be assured that I have no husband—at least none who claims me, or that I yield either claim or obedience to. I have seen the last sight of my husband,

and am at this time an outcast creature, abandoned to the world and to my fate. You warriors have enough to do in taking care of yourselves; you are obliged to leave your wives to shift for themselves, you know. Nay, you needna gape and look sheepish; for, do you know, I havena at this time a being in the whole world to whom I feel bound by stronger ties than to yoursel, nor another in this country to whom I could open my heart and mind to."

"I hope that confidence shall never be abused. But, believe me, there is some mistake in this. Your husband is a man of honour, and incapable of abandoning you; at least, I know he is a brave young man; and I ween that such a man as he must be a man of honour."

"You know I am incapable of the weakness of jealousy, Peter; but what I have seen with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears, in this disguise, must command credit, however reluctantly granted. What will you think, when I assure you, that, by

this time, he has left the shore of Scotland, in company with another mistress?"

"I think it is false—utterly and abominably false! I tell you, he is incapable of it. No gentleman (or commoner either) in Scotland, having you for a wife, could be guilty of such an act. There is a near relation and confidential friend of his here to-night; I will go instantly and make inquiries; I will satisfy you of the falsity of such vile insinuation."

"Alas! your hopes are vain! Let us rather consult what I am to do for the present. Is it possible for me to retain my disguise, do you think, and find my way to the Lowlands?"

"Retain your disguise you may certainly; but to the Lowlands you go not, till I have unravelled this invidious skien between you and your husband. You must likewise have your money from the old minister."

"I can manage that matter in Edinburgh, and am only distressed about how

I shall get there, and, in the present case, what is to become of me this night."

"To-night—you are safe for to-night. This worthy old dame is my father's sister; her husband is with us, who was a lieutenant in the Prince's army; and you have a band of as brave men to guard you to-night as ever drew sword. Our retreat is entirely unknown to any of the King's troops, and the path to it inscrutable; we have scarcely ever so much as been in danger here, even when the killing and burning were at the hottest. Out of this retreat I can do nothing for you, for I am doubly proscribed; the Earl of Loudoun has set a high price on my individual head, and there is scarcely a cave or a tree in our own forests that has not been searched for me. But here you are safe, and here you must remain and rest yourself for a space; I have many, many things to say over to you."

"How is it possible for me to retain my disguise, and sleep among so many outlaws?"

" We shall easily manage that matter; One bed will be consigned to you and me; I will sit up and watch you, or take a nap on the floor."

" I am very miserable, Peter, and, in a manner, quite reckless of life, or of aught that can betide me; but it is now so long since I met with anybody that has taken an interest in my fate, that I feel strongly disposed to be guided by your direction. Whatever inquiries you make concerning my husband to-night, let me request that the dialogue may be in English, that I may hear and judge for myself."

Peter promised, and they again joined the party in the bothy, which was well stored with beef and venison; and, as the eagerness of research had greatly abated, owing to a received belief that the Prince was slain, the party enjoyed themselves with perfect ease and hilarity. Peter, as out of his own head, began immediately to inquire about the movements of Alaster Mackenzie, whose friend, M'Intyre, informed him, that " a large party of proscribed

friends had engaged a vessel to carry them to America, and, at that very time, the vessel lay concealed in a natural basin, surrounded with wood, at the head of the little Loch-Broom; that he had seen the vessel, and had been invited to join the party; and that Alaster Mackenzie had joined, and set out in great haste in search of a lady, whom he wanted to accompany him; and, from what he heard, he conceived, that, if she refused to accompany him, he would not go. He had heard his uncle Glen-Shalloch reasoning with him, and saying, that, as matters stood with him, it would be safer to leave her; but he would not listen, and set out in order to fetch her, promising to return before the time of sailing, which was to be this same evening, at ten o'clock."

All this too well corroborated Sally's preconceived opinion. Peter was hard of belief, and would fain have tried to convince her that it was herself he was in search of; but she repelled the argument, by stating, that he knew nothing of her, having never inquired after her, nor sent her any intelli-

gence of himself, for three months; that there was little doubt he conceived her to be safe in the Lothians long ago; and that, moreover, she had seen him kissing and wooing the lady, who was a cousin of his own, for a whole night.

These were stubborn proofs, and put Peter to silence, though he would not acquiesce in the sentiments, but said it was very unlike a brave loyal Highlander's conduct, to desert his own. "For my part," added he, "if I had got you for a wife, as I ought to have done, neither life nor death should have moved me to have parted with you."

The arrangements for the night were made as Peter had suggested, but the greater part of it was passed in conversation; for, the young Sassenach never having heard the details of the battle of Culloden, nor of the devastations committed subsequently, every one was alike eager to communicate what he had seen, and what he had learned from others. There was great diversity in their opinions, with regard to individual charac-

ters, but they unanimously agreed in this, that the hand of Heaven was manifestly against them, for that nothing but the most unaccountable infatuation could have urged the Prince and his commanders to have come to an engagement in such a place, and in such unpropitious circumstances. The half of the army was wanting, and above 2000 of their best warriors on the march to join them that day; and those that were present had been so exhausted by hunger and fatigue, that they were unable either to fight or fly. Everything militated against them; but the worst thing of all was, that the brave and intrepid M'Donalds, on whom was their great dependance, refused to make the attack sword in hand, after the Mackintoshes had begun it, and fairly broken the Duke of Cumberland's first line. If that powerful regiment had been supported on the left, as it was on the right, it was, after all, ten to one that the Duke's army would have been cut in pieces. But the M'Donalds would not advance; they brandished their claymores, mowed the

heather with them, and stood still. They actually refused to follow up their leaders; which when the gallant Keppoch saw, he rushed alone into the midst of the enemy's line and fell.

Of these moving themes the conversation consisted, till at last all fell sound asleep, and Peter, being anxious that the sex of his guest should not be discovered by the party, nor so much as suspected, slept on the floor alongside of her bed, rolled up in his plaid, without, as he thought, letting any of the rest know that he did not sleep in the same bed. The next day, the two former lovers and friends retired into the wood, and spent the hours mostly by themselves; and, at the fall of evening, they decamped, after telling the old dame of their intent, the rest being all absent on their several watching stations. They two had agreed, that, in such a savage life, it was impossible Sally could remain; and Peter resolved to put his life in jeopardy, and conduct her to a place of safety, but he left

no hint with his aunt regarding his intended route.

Great was the consternation of the party of outlaws, on their assembling, and finding themselves deserted by Peter, it being on his accomplishments as a marksman that they principally depended for sustenance, and they spared not cursing the wily Sassenach boy that had allured him from them; some began to hint that the stranger was perhaps a girl, merely out of spleen; but the idea was no sooner started, than it began to gain ground; the beauty of the youth—the erdlich shriek—the fainting on first seeing Peter's face—all combined to establish the shameful fact, that Peter Gow, a married man, had absconded clandestinely with a girl! Before the men went to sleep, it was a received opinion, and even Gow's worthy aunt had not a word to say, either in doubt or extenuation.

The next morning, before sun-rise, two men arrived at the bothy. These were no others than Alexander Mackenzie, Sally's

husband, and his cousin John; and, their friend M'Intyre being of the party within, the visitors were known and welcomed. Their business was express, and shortly said. They had come in search of a vagrant Lowland boy, who went by the name of Alaster Monro, and whom they had traced asking his way for that place.

The men looked all at one another, till at length Lieutenant Chisholm answered for the rest, by asking, in return, "If the youth Alaster Monro was really a boy?—Because, sir," added he, "we had some dark doubts and suspicions to the contrary."

Mackenzie told them frankly, that the supposed youth was a lady, and his own wife, for whom he had been in express search for many days and nights. The men were all struck dumb with astonishment and disgust; their utterance stuck still in their throats; but old Mrs Chisholm held up her hands and exclaimed, "Measg na is measa!" They told him that all manner of concealment or palliation of circumstances on their part was not only vain,

but ungenerous; for that his lady had gone off with Peter Gow, the far-famed blacksmith, after sleeping a night with him there in the bothy. Mackenzie's looks grew dark, and his cheeks crimsoned with rage; but he said, he believed the latter part of the information to be gross calumny. The party now divided, and maintained different sides in their information; some asserted that the two slept together, some that they did not; some said that they stripped off their clothes, for anything that they knew; others, that neither of the two threw off a stitch, except their brogues. But of one thing there was no doubt,—the two had gone off together.

CIRCLE II.

THE circumstances of Mackenzie's case were peculiarly distressing. He loved his new-made wife with all the strength of a fond and first affection, and absence had only rendered her dearer to him. He had heard of her residence with his whig relations, but he durst not discover himself, or let his retreat be known among them. He agreed to emigrate with the rest of his kinsmen, whose hopes, like his, were extinguished in their native land, but without his wife he would on no account leave the country. His friends tried to persuade him to go with them privately, for fear of danger to them all, and that his wife could find a passage to him at any time, but he was not

to be moved from his purpose. He set out to Castle Fairburn to bring her, and on his way rested for a few hours, at the dead of night, in the house of Letterewe, having gone by that way, though out of his road, to take leave of a beloved sister, and it was their endearments on parting for ever, that Sally had witnessed, and that had fired her mind with jealousy to that degree that it prevented her from speaking to her husband when he stood at her bed-side, and cast a parting look into the bed. It was a look, too, of tenderness and regret, as if he had thought to himself, "There lies one asleep whom I shall never see again!" Who can help regretting that Sally did not speak! What toil, what sorrow, what misery one single word at that decisive moment would have prevented! But JEALOUSY, that fiend of infernal descent, withstood it. Though her husband's name wavered on her tongue again and again, still JEALOUSY rendered the utterance voiceless, and of no avail. It was pronounced inwardly, or came forth a blank, an abortion, into the regions of sound.

JEALOUSY, farther, prevented her from making herself known to his relations, or inquiring, as she ought to have done, into the connexion between her husband and supposed rival.

It is true, she had old Monro's word for it that the lady was her husband's cousin, but then she had nothing more—he had not been in that district for more than twenty years, and was received in it with jealousy and reserve. After all, old Duncan's fatal mistake was a very natural one, for the young lady was only half-sister to Alaster; that is, she was his mother's daughter, but not his father's; her name was Ellen Morison, and Duncan had never heard of such a thing as that second marriage.

Mackenzie posted away to Castle Fairburn, and, arriving there, he soon learned that his wife had left that place in the disguise of a young man, in search of him; that her guide was an old man named Duncan Monro, and she passed for his son. He perceived at once that he had left her sleep-

ing in the loft at Letterewe, and that he had spent part of the night close beside her. He lost no time in retracing his steps. But, alas! though so near to her in the morning that he could have touched her with his hand, the breadth of the island was now between them, the road was rough, and he was sore wearied. He consoled himself all the way by thinking of the happy meeting with his Sally, in a place so convenient for embarkation as Poolewe, and of so much safety; and he thought how she would blush when her sex was discovered, and when she was led from the kitchen into the parlour. He had studied a great number of kind, witty, and good-natured things to say to her, and fancied the answers she would return, trying to repeat them in broad Scots. But, being obliged to keep wide of the common track to avoid the military stations on it, he did not reach Letterewe till the next morning about seven o'clock. His first inquiries were for the Sassenach youth; and when informed that he was missing, he was

paralysed with despair, standing still and cursing his wayward fate. "Do you not yet know, my dear Ellen, who that boy was?" said he.

"Yes, I do. He is old Duncan Glash's son—has been at the schools in the Lowlands, and a very interesting and modest youth he is."

"Oh Ellen! it was my own wife. My own dear Sarah, come in that disguise in order to find out my retreat, and if anything has befallen to her I am undone, utterly undone, and all my prospects blasted anew."

"Ah! we began to think there was some mystery hid under their arrival and tarrying here. And then the old whig rascal was so curiously affected on her disappearance; he fidged, and simpered, and dropped hints, so that we all remarked his behaviour was not like that of a father whose son was a-missing."

Duncan was now sought for with the utmost anxiety, but he had gone off early in the morning. They traced him to the cottages at the head of the loch, and found

that he had been inquiring at them all for the lost stranger, and that, after having had something to drink in the little public-house, he had set out on his way home. The men of Letterewe pursued him, but it was not till after mid-day that he was brought back to be examined by Alaster. He told him all; but could give him no account whither she had gone, or what had caused her desertion of an object she had so much at heart. He suspected that she was gone still farther to the north in search of him, but could give no ground for these suspicions. He told him all that he knew of her behaviour since the battle of Culloden, which seemed to have been amiable and exemplary in the highest degree; but he told him also, what lay far out of his way, all the stuff that he had heard about an old minister; and of one Peter Gow a smith, who had been a grand sweetheart of hers, the whole farrago of nonsense that daft Davie Duff told him, so much to their mutual amusement.

Alaster knew not what to do; but, in

the meantime, people were dispatched in every direction to make inquiries, and at length one brought word that such a youth had been seen, along with one of the Clan-Chisholm, stretching his course for the forest of Mónar, and asking all the way for one Peader Gobhadh.

This was stunning and most incomprehensible news to her husband. That she should have acknowledged herself as his wife,—taken shelter with the only relations of his that could protect her, and subjected herself to fatigue and imminent danger in a journey for his sake; and then all at once, in the twinkling of an eye, set off in search of a former lover, seemed to be utterly a paradox. However, he engaged his cousin John at Letterewe, and they two set out on her track with all expedition. Alaster was in a wretched despairing mood, often saying that he saw the hand of Heaven was against him in this, as in everything else; for, besides having slept a night in the same apartment with his wife, he had met old Monro

the next morning, when not above a mile from Letterewe.

The two traced her, by dint of the most determined perseverance, to the bothy in the woods of Strath-Farrer; and there he was told—Good God!—Think of a fond husband being told flatly that his darling had slept a night with her former lover, spent a day with him in the woods, and then set off with him the next evening!

If I had been Alexander Mackenzie, I would have returned straight back the way I came, gone on board the American sloop lying in little Loch-Broom, and never more asked after Mòr Gilnaomh. But the Highland blood is of a different temperament. Whether it was love, hate, jealousy, revenge, or a determination to be at the bottom of an affair that seemed inexplicable, I cannot tell; but, in place of returning, Mackenzie and his cousin pushed on to the southward with greater expedition than ever; and they actually kept the road in such a fearless, determined way, that they

were never so much as once challenged, till they came to the wooden bridge at Inverness, and there they were asked for their passes. Alaster told them that he had no pass, but that he was an officer of the Earl of Loudoun's, sent to apprehend a damned traitor, named Peter Gow, in the Strath of Finron; that he was an express, knowing where he was to be found. The two, without more ado, were suffered at once to proceed; for the heat of the carnage was over, and the roads were in a great measure opened.

When they arrived at the village of Balmillo, they found that Gow had never so much as once been heard of there since the great battle, where it was reported he had fallen, and been buried. Old Margaret screamed with joy on hearing that her son was alive and well; and, as for his going off with Mòr Gilnaomh, she observed, that "it was te fery natural ting as efer was did in te whoule world of te creation; for she was te fery tear cood shild, and was te pelong of him pefore she was te pelong of any poor

peggarly shentlemans of te west; and it would hafe peen te petter do of Peader to hafe cot te marry of her tan any maightean modhail of tem all."

From Balmillo they went to Torlach-beg, the residence of Peter's wife; and, finding her a well-bred, accomplished woman, they inquired for her husband, in terms as mild as men judging themselves so deeply injured were capable of. The search after Peter had been intense, but, the report of his death having spread, his enemies had relaxed in their vigilance. His wife, nevertheless, denied all knowledge of him, or whether he was alive or dead; but she did it with a look of alarm, that convinced the two friends of her insincerity. They made every effort in the neighbourhood to discover the two fugitives that could be devised, but without success; they found every one actually ignorant of aught relating to them. They spent two days in that country, and at last found out, that the next day about noon, after Peter and Sally had left the shieling in Strath-Farrer, two people had

crossed Loch-Ness in a boat, answering the description of them precisely; and, after that, they had been seen at Dalmagarie, but they could trace them no farther.

They had, therefore, nothing else for it, but to apply once more to Mrs Gow; and, in order to induce her to make a full disclosure, they (somewhat ungenerously) related to her the whole circumstances of the case. Then did the fire-eyed fiend begin to work, and that with a potency proportioned to the atrocity of the offence, and the galled pride of the offended. At first she burst into a torrent of tears, and retired, muttering somewhat about low life, and like drawing to like; but she sent word to the gentlemen not to go away, for she would be with them shortly.

She lay in bed for two hours, in the height of a fever of jealousy, nursing her revenge to the highest pinnacle that reason could bear it,—yea, rearing it up till it staggered and toppled toward the other side, the side of dimness and despair. She had been trying all the while to calm herself, so

as to despise the wretch who had deserted her, and to talk of the subject to the two polite strangers as a matter of course, and a thing of sheer indifference,—a thing that every one behoved to expect, who connected herself, or himself, with those below them in rank, whatever casual circumstances might induce friends or the world to suppose the wretches had raised themselves a step higher in society; and the poor woman actually believed that she had fairly mastered, or rather mistressed, her chagrin, by rising above it.

She returned to the two Mackenzies, with her head-gear rather improved, as she deemed, entered the room with a quick, dashing gait, and, with a loud, giggling voice, begged pardon for her abrupt departure and long absence; but her eyes were blood-shot, and the ruddy streaks on her cheeks—for they were but streaks—had deserted their intricate channels, and settled all into the comely reservoir on the tip of her nose.—"Gentlemen, it is rather an awkward business—he-he-he! I can't but

choose to laugh at it. Beg your pardon, Squire Mackenzie of Auchencheen—Is that the name of the place?—and yours, Letterewe. Auchencheen, it is nice to think what we two are made by this same Mac-Teine—He-he-he! You are what we call a fear-ban-adhaltrannaiche—He-he-he! But what am I?—There's no proper name for me.—I am *bean beannach*—He-he-he! What does that mean in English?—The horned woman—He-he-he!—Yes, I am the horned woman—He-he-he! Excellent that! Beg pardon, gentlemen—But it is so funny! Hope you have not breakfasted, gentlemen?—and that I shall have the pleasure of making something ready for you? The Grants have been with us; but Pilloch-beag, who was their captain, was very modest, poor man!—he neither burnt, stabbed, nor ravished—No, no—not he!—But he left us not much behind him. Peader Gobhadh, forsooth! Well, I am obliged to my friends, who compelled me to exchange vows with this same virtuous Mac-Teine, who has made me a *bean beannach*

—Is not that it?—The horned wife—He-he-he!—Fear-ban-adhaltrannaiche—He-he-he!"

"Madam, I am very glad you take your disgrace with so much joviality. You are extremely amusing, ma'am, and very polite—You are very light-hearted on the occasion."

"Certainly, so I am; and why should I not? We have full revenge in our power, Auchencheen—that is some comfort, is it not?—ay, and we'll take it, too! Suppose we mingle their blood with their sacrifice?—Eh?—How will that do? I give up my scullion, and think it would be quite pleasant to see both their heads set up together, as if looking at each other. How it would become them, vile as they are, to be staring at one another, with their fallen chops, and their white eyes, and their tongues hanging all to one side!—Quite pleasant—Och-och-och! Hope you have not breakfasted, gentlemen? Squire Mackenzie, your injury is small—'tis nothing, sir.—What think you my worthy did?—Why, he introduced his

ban-adhaltraich to me!—as who, think you?—as a poor, sick young gentleman from the Lowlands!—O yes!—a poor, sick youth, far from all relations!—Alack, and woe's me! And I took her in, too!—Yes, sir, I took her in, and was kind to her, and cherished her; but, when he heard that strangers were in search of him, he and she have absconded again. You say he slept with her at a certain bothy.—Thanks be to Heaven, he has never slept with me since that period! Every night have they two been together!—Every night, God be thanked! Hope you have not breakfasted, gentlemen?—Eh? Pilloch-more—no, I beg your pardon, Pilloch-beag was here, with his Grants. Pilloch-beag, says I?—He-he-he! *Bean beannach*!—the horned woman—He-he-he!"

"Madam, may I beg the favour to see Mr Gow and his protegee? If you can direct me to their retreat, I promise you I shall revenge both our injuries at one blow, unless the gallant can give some reasons for his interference that I ween not of. But

the primary blame rests not with him, criminal though he be; for she sought him out in his retreat—he sought not her. If I find them in each other's arms, ma'am, you can have no objections to my running them both through the body?"

"Is it not what they deserve, both of them? Are they not forsworn traitors, and the foulest of the foul? Have they not fooled us both? Were they not paramours before they saw us? And did they not get themselves palmed on us, that they might continue paramours through life at our mutual expense? Foh!—no more of them! I hope you have breakfasted, gentlemen?—Nobody would put themselves out of humour for the loss of such garbage, surely. I know not where he has his *coileaback* at present, but he himself will be at a certain place for viands, which I am to carry there, in a very short time. I hope, sir, he shall find a meal that he thinks not of. Take this mantle about you, sir, and put this bonnet and white badge on your head, and I will point out the spot where you are to

go, and where you shall meet him face to face. Your friend may keep in sight of you, if he chooses ; if not, he may remain with me. I know not where he hath his leman —his sweet Lowland youth, forsooth!—but, perhaps, sir, you may induce him to declare himself. You will meet him hand to hand, sir, and face to face, for he will come to you to beg a mess of pottage for his mistress, sir. Not a night has he been with me!— *Bean beannach!*—A horned bull can push; a horned cow can give as deadly a wound as any ; and why may not a horned woman?"

The worthy dame then went out with the two gentlemen, and pointed out a certain place to them, at which they would meet her husband at a certain hour; but one only was to go to the spot, and he was to go with the mantle, and bonnet with the white badge; for that the traitor kept watch at a distance, and, relying on her secrecy, unless he perceived that signal, he would not come, and it was impossible to find him otherwise.

They then left her, and retired to take

their measures, not a little disgusted at the behaviour of Peter's dame, and the readiness she had manifested to betray her husband. They perceived that she was a little delirious, but whether it was from the effects of aquavitæ, or nervous sensibility, they could not discern, only they hardly wondered at the preference given by Peter Gow to the other fair creature that had thus thrown herself on his protection.

John again urged his friend Alaster to abandon the matter, and pursue it no farther.—"From all that we have heard of this unaccountable step of hers," said he, "it appears to me that she has forfeited her honour, and your love, for ever; then why would you expose yourself for that which is unworthy of you?"

"No, no, cousin John," said he; "do not speak to me.—Since I have engaged in this pursuit, I will be at the bottom of the matter—It is not in my nature to leave such a thing half done. I shall be revenged on the clown; and, if I do not pierce my wife's heart in one way, I shall do it in an-

other. I have lost my chance of escape to a foreign land, and I do not now account my life worthy of preservation."

The place whither he went to meet Peter Gow was a little sequestered shieling. It stood itself in perfect concealment, but a fox could not have approached it without being perceived by one on the watch; for there was a bare exposed height all around, and it lay hid in a little wooded hollow. Mackenzie therefore went by himself, with his cloak-plaid, and white cockade; and, to prevent the deception from being observed, he stepped into the bothy to await the arrival of his wife's seducer. John Mackenzie lay flat on his breast, and peeped over the ridge, from whence he perceived one approaching the shieling, with cautious and hurried steps, and doubted not that it was Gow. He likewise entered the hut; and, as soon as he had gone in, John Mackenzie arose and walked sharply towards it. By the time he was half way, he perceived Peter rush out, pursued by his friend Mackenzie,

who followed a small space, calling out somewhat that he did not hear, and then fired a pistol. Gow that instant turned round, and seized his pursuer, and both of them came down. John Mackenzie ran with all his might, but, before he got to them, he found his friend mortally wounded, he having received two stabs of a skene-dhu from Gow, who had no other weapon. It was never known what passed between them; the colloquy had been short in the extreme. From all that could be learned afterwards, Peter believed he was betrayed to one of the Earl of Loudoun's officers, and thought he had slain one of them. When he gave the mortal blow, John was so near to them, that he was running, quite breathless, holding out his hands, and calling to refrain; but it was too late; the powerful arm of the wounded and irritated Peter was drawn, and, with a vengeful thrust, it sent the insidious weapon on its fatal mission.

"Wretch!" cried John, aloud, "dost thou know what thou hast done, and whom thou hast slain?"

"No, I do not," said the other; "but I have wounded one that first wounded me, and *would* have slain me."

"O thou accursed dog!" exclaimed John, on seeing his cousin's wounds; "how aggravated is thy guilt, and how many thousand times doubled thy damnation! Thou hast slain one of the most amiable and injured of men!—Alexander Mackenzie, the husband of the woman whom thou hast debased!"

Gow found not a word to say for a long space. He stared, in utter dismay, now at the victim, now at the friend; and, at the same time, he shook the dripping blood from his fingers,—for his own heart's blood was dripping on the ground from both his hands and feet. At length he uttered these words—"Heaven is still just, and she is revenged! As for me debasing the dear woman you speak of, it was out of my power. —Not for the whole universe would I have been instrumental in tainting mind so simply pure and unsophisticated. I have, at the risk of my life, protected her, as I

would have done a deserted sister, and I declare before God, to whom I must soon answer, that, from the hour I first knew her, her virtue has been as dear and as precious to me as my own soul; and I believe her, at this moment, free of stain, as when she came from her mother's breast."

When Mackenzie heard this, he lifted his head from the bloody sward, and, fixing his haggard eyes, that seemed kindling with an unearthly gleam, on Peter, he said, emphatically, "Man, art thou saying the truth?"

"Ay; and it is a truth that you and I must both soon be called to attest before a bar at which there is no subterfuge.—How thou wilt answer for thy treatment of her, I know not; for me, I can answer for the part I have acted to God and man."

"Ah, what a wretch then am I! Man, thou must surely pity me! Dear cousin John, pity me! Thou seest, and hearest, that man's face and words are not those of guilt. O that I could but see her, and hear one word of forgiveness or of condolence from

her lips, before my departure hence! Man, thou injured and benevolent man, can I see her?"

"It is but a dismal scene to bring one to that is already heart-broken by thy cruel desertion, and tottering on the brink of a wasting disease. Better it were that this young gentleman ran for assistance.—If aught can be done for the mitigation of your own sufferings, then may we send for her."

John Mackenzie took the hint, and ran to the place they had lately left, with the dismal tidings. There were but few people about the steading, for they were Mackintoshes, and had all either fallen at Culloden, or were still in hiding; but Mackenzie raised a train of women, and two old men, and they came to the bothy, in order to carry the wounded men to the house.

In the interim, the two rivals were left lying beside each other on the green, and, instead of any abusive or bitter reflections passing between them, they were employed in stemming each other's wounds. Peter was shot through the shoulder, and Mac-

kenzie had received two wounds of the dirk, one in his body, and one in his arm. The latter Peter found means to stem, else he would instantly have bled to death.

Death is the great queller of rancour and human pride; even his seen approach subdues them, levels rank, and consumes the substance of the fiery passions, leaving nothing but the froth behind, to mark the limits of the overflowing tide, that the regret and anguish of the sufferers and the lookers-on may be thereby embittered. There was nothing now passed between the two but regret, and every explanation rendered that regret the deeper and the more intense. When Gow related to Mackenzie the cause of his loved wife's desertion, then did the poignancy of his sufferings reach their acme; he writhed in agony of mind, as well as of body, lamenting, in the most pathetic terms, his wayward and unhappy fate. As for honest Peter, when he heard that all had originated in mistake,—that the fond and faithful husband had only been taking leave of a beloved sister, and was then in search of his

wife, he could not refrain from weeping.—"Alack, alack for both of you!" exclaimed he; "surely the breath of God has blasted all that were engaged, like you and me, in a certain unhappy cause, however just it might appear to our eyes. The sword, the famine, and the flame, have hardly left our families root or branch, and the few that the sword and the gibbet, the famine and the flame, have left, are falling fast by the fury of the elements, and the hands of one another. The world disclaims us, and Heaven hath given us up."

"It is all too true that thou hast said," returned the other. "I have seen it! I have seen it! and often pondered on it with bitterness of spirit. But I was forewarned of it, and the words of the old *filidh aitheral*, who foretold it to me, have never deserted my mind. 'Son, thou art going to join our Prince. I know it,' said he. 'Now, tell me, art thou steadfast in the belief of our Holy Catholic Religion?'

"I said I hoped I was, and ever should be.

" 'But tell me,' continued he, 'dost thou believe that no prayers nor vows find admittance to the throne above but those of Catholics?'

" I said I never had such contracted views of redeeming grace.

" 'But I had!' said he, 'and have found myself mistaken, by comparing the darkling views of futurity with something that has already been, and which is more illegible to my visionary sight than the other. Son, there has, at a time prior to this, a curse descended out of Heaven on our Prince, on all the house of his fathers, and on those who support it. And, listen to me, son, it appears that that grievous curse was, as it were, wrung out of Heaven by the cries of suffering saints, AND YET THESE SAINTS WERE NOT CATHOLICS. They were spoiled; they were hunted; they were tormented, and their blood ran like water on their native hills and heaths, while our own people, the sons of the Gael, aided the destroyers. These sufferers cried incessantly to the Almighty for aid, until at last he sent out his

angel, who pronounced the exterminating curse on the guilty race of Stuart, and a triple woe on all that should support their throne. I have seen that angel myself, and heard his appalling voice a thousand times. I have seen him stretching his bloody sword over our land, and swearing by the Avenger of the Just, that, as we had shed the blood of the righteous at a tyrant's command, so should a tyrant shed our blood without regret and without satiety. I forbid thee not to go, my son, for if thou fallest in the cause of our now degraded religion, thou fallest in the cause of Heaven, and thy soul shall be saved. Only be assured, that the hand of the Almighty is against thee, and heavy, heavy will be its descending stroke!' I heard all this, yet I laughed at the old father as at a raving maniac, and took up my sword and departed to join the host. I have lived to see his words fulfilled. The hand of Heaven has indeed fallen heavily upon us, yet who could ever have deemed that the part we took deserved it. God is just, but his ways are inscrutable."

"It is even as thou hast said, hapless youth!" said Peter. "But I think, of all the miserable catastrophes that have occurred in this year of desolation, thy own story is the most lamentable. Yes, what thou hast observed is true to a tittle; all those who have ventured most for the cause of the royal Adventurer have suffered in proportion. Poor, infatuated Sally! What now is become of thee! None ventured more than thou didst, though nowise interested in the cause, and none is likely to suffer so deeply. Alas! I tried all that I could to convince her of your honour and integrity, but the evidences were so strong against me that I could not prevail. I told her you were incapable of such conduct, and proffered to stake my life on your honour and truth. I have got my reward, and would to Heaven I had been the only sufferer!"

"I wish we could reach a clean spot to die on," said Mackenzie; "this place is horrible! There is no contending with the lifted arm of an avenging God; and, since the iniquities of the fathers must be visited on

their children, we two hapless victims to that arbitrary decree, must submit. But O that I had never been born to have caused all this woe, by slaying a just and honourable man, and my best friend!"

"I pray thee, cease, brave young warrior," cried Peter, "These are the words of despair, not of resignation. Why will you embitter the pangs of death to us both?"

Mackenzie's senses had been wandering while he spoke, for when the other turned his eyes toward him he had fainted away; and Peter, thinking all was over with him, bewailed his fate with many bitter tears. His own wound was in a place which he could neither reach with his hand, nor see; and, being in great pain, he arose and tried to walk homeward, that is, towards his wife's home, which, alas, was now no home for him! But, by the time he had walked a few paces, he was seized with a giddiness, staggered, and fell in a state of drowsy insensibility. In that situation were they found by John Mackenzie, who then arrived with

his women and his two old men, accompanied by a country surgeon, a Dr Frazer, from Strath-Errick, an even-down reprobate, as the women termed him, who accounted the life of a man of no more value than the life of a salmon. He examined both their wounds, cursing all the while, and then asked jocularly, what was to be done?

"What done?" said John Mackenzie. "For the love of God, save them if it be possible!"

"And wherefore should I save them, young man?" said the doctor. "If I dress their wounds ever so well, they cannot fly or be removed from the spot for a long period. If they remain here they will be taken, and, being both proscribed men like myself, if they *are* taken, they will be hung up like two tikes in a tether. Is it not better that they should die of their wounds like men, and be buried beneath that lovely sward, than be executed like felons?"

"Hersel pe on te tink tat te toctor shentlemans haif speaked creat pig of te sense of

common," said a voice at Dr Frazer's elbow.

Peter Gow, when he heard it, raised up his unbonneted and bloody head, thinking the tones of the voice were familiar to his ear, and, behold! there stood Davie Duff, with his burial spade over his shoulder. He did not recognise his old acquaintance Peter lying in that forlorn state, but all that David wanted was for them both to die, that he might get the burying of them. The Doctor perceived this, and was greatly taken with the whimsicality of the desire, for, exclusive of the selfish principle, burying had grown into a passion with Davie. He actually delighted in inhuming the remains of the mortal frame, and the more putrid and the more mangled, he liked it the better. In such circumstances, he was not over soon wearied of laying the carcase right in its last receptacle, gloating over it with some sort of horrible and undefined pleasure, both to shovel the mould above it, and hide it from the sight for ever. He even loved better to inter a rem-

nant of a human body than the whole, and, for the sake of a soft place to bury it in, would have carried it himself for a long way. The doctor bathed the wounds with such materials as the place afforded, dressed them, and bound them up; and all the while was as busy jesting and conversing with Davie as if he had been employed in any secular work. He would not suffer them to be carried home, saying, that the motion would open the wounds anew, and it would be certain death. Mackenzie had fainted twice, and was as yet hardly breathing; as for Gow, he sustained the operation of probing and dressing with great firmness, and, presuming on his veterinary skill, assisted the doctor with his advice in the necessary operations. The women made two soft beds of flowery heather, strewed them over with moss, and there in that lonely shieling, were the two rash and repentant young heroes laid, with their feet to each other, and their heads to the sod-wall. Young Letterewe and the strangers that he had collected sat over them, commiserating

their sufferings and woful fate, and Davie Duff took a turn round with his spade in search of a spot of soft ground where two graves could be made with the greatest ease.

Just as they were thinking about separating, and settling about who was to remain, and who was to bring them refreshments, Davie entered suddenly and whispered that there was a *tannas* (an apparition) coming on them; at the same time, he was in such a flutter, looking for a place to hide in, that he alarmed the old women mightily, and, before the doctor got time to examine him relating to the cause of his terrors, the beautiful vision entered among them all. It was Sally, dressed in a suit of her best clothes, which she had all the while carried about with her carefully, but never till that hour used. She could not see the hut from her retreat, but perceived people going and coming over the height, and, as Peter had not returned, she was certain of something having befallen; and, reckless of all danger, if her last support was taken from

her, she resolved to face every injury and reproach, and appear in her own natural character.

"Ooch Got! Let hersel be ketting out to rhun upon te hills!" cried Davie. But the doctor withstood him, and set himself firm in the bothy-door; he could not part with Davie in such a delightful plight as he was then in.

"Nay, my brave fellow, remain where you are. Pray, Mr Duff, you that are earther-general to his Majesty King George, the Duke of Cumberland, and all the great eastern clans, besides Colonel Cholic, you know—Why would you run from the face of a lady?"

"Cot pless you, mhaister! A lhaty? Tid you nhever see her pefore? Och, she pe te fery vision, tat is te spiritual of her tat was Mustruss Sally. For Cot's lharge mhercy, let her fhorth to fast rhun!"

"Not a foot you stir, friend. There you stand."

The two wounded men were lying stretched and covered with plaids. When they

heard the term, " Mistress Sally," both of them uncovered their pallid faces at the same instant, and both of them uttered a groan of tender compassion, as in concert. Sally's countenance changed on the instant. When she entered, it was one of amazement at the motley group around her, standing all over two sleepers, or dead men; but, when the two victims to one precipitate act of hers uncovered their altered visages, then did her wan and woe-worn, though still lovely face, assume the lines of distraction. She neither shrieked nor uttered exclamation; but, clasping her arms fearfully across her bosom, she looked wildly about, as if begging some explanation. None could give it, for none knew who she was save Davie, and he took what he saw for her ghost. Peter was the first to accost her—" Oh, alas! unhappy Sarah! to what a scene thou art come!" exclaimed he.

" Peter Gow!" was all that Sally could pronounce, but these two short sounds were enough for Davie. He had never all the while recognized aught of his old friend

Peter, and, having, as he believed, buried him on the field of Culloden, the horrors of the old beadle on hearing his voice once more, and seeing his haggard features, was indescribable. He made an involuntary bounce against the doctor, and, at the same time, vociferated something between a prayer and an oath, in Gaelic. The doctor was irritated. "You cowardly beast!" exclaimed he, "what are you affrighted for? Do you suppose that the dying man will eat you?"

"Mhan?" cried Davie, hysterically. "Lort's retemption! How can she pe a mhan when I puried his pody in the crave lhong pefore te ago?"

"You buried him in te grave, you idiot? What do you mean?"

"Och, yes, and I did, all put te head. And den I *buailed* him, tat is, I tumped him and twacked him down wit my spade, and I tromped te green ground above him. Uh, Lort, how can she pe a mhan after tat? Lhet her go to pe on te swift."

"Let the fool go," said John Macken-

zie ; " is that raving a suitable accompaniment for such a scene as this ?"

The doctor then let him pass, but followed him to the field, being more taken with his extravagant terror than the scene of deep distress within the bothy, than which it is hardly possible to conceive one more replete with mental and bodily anguish ! But Dr Frazer had, of late, been accustomed to so many scenes of misery, despair, and extermination, that his better feelings were all withered, and a certain distortion had taken place in the bias of his mind. He perceived Davie to be a rude copy of something within himself, and he hankered after him as one deformed object lingers round another, either from sensations of disgust, or a diabolical pleasure in seeing some creatures more loathsome than itself. There the two strayed together, the one relating what deaths, pinings, and ravings, he had seen during the summer ; and the other, what miserable corpses he had found and interred in the wastes.

" When hersel furst petook her to te

moors, sir," said he, " she was not on te found of anyting but te wounded pattleman, which was all fery whell. And you would haif peen on te wonder, sir, to haif known how far a trhue hill Highlander would haif rhun wit so mhany of te pullets of kuns trou him's pody; and ten tere would pe a tousand holes in him wit te vile tree-pointed dirk tat stand peside te nhose of te kun, him pe te worst fellow of all. Fat was it you would call him? Te *gunna-bhiodag*, tat is te bhaighonet. Cot tamn, I haif seen her lhying pored and pored trou te pody as te Tuke of Chumperland would mhake a sifter of him's kite. And ten I would always pe knowing, tat neither te fox, nor te *fitheach*, tat is, te black crow, would not dhare to pe bhiting a smallest piece from one of tese warrior fhellows. Cot, sir, te fery tead fhaces of tem would frhight te souls of tem crheatures pack into te heart's plood of tem. Te vhile catpole would sometimes take off him's nhose, or dhig a small hole into him's side, but te tevil anoder bhaist dhurst touch a dead Mackintosh,

or a Frhazer, or a Cameron. As for Macdonnel, she would nhot pe puried at all, nor she would not suffer either mhan or phaist, or dhevil to touch her, either tead or alhive. But och and alhas, sir! for tese two or tree hundred times she haif cot nothing but poor womans and chilters, all tead of hunger, and vexhations, and cold. Och, inteed it was fery pad! His Mhachesty te Tuke of Chumperlhand pe a fery cood shentleman, but, Cot tamn! he should nhot have persecuted te poor prhetty mhaiteans, and wifes, and lhittle pabies to teath. Fat ill could they doo to himsel or his mhaister? And ten te plack crow, and all te vhile creedy bhaists, would fall on te lhittle dhear innocent crheatures, and would tak out teir eyes, and te tongues out of teir mhouths. And ten tey would pe dhigging into teir hearts, and thaking out all teir bowels; and, O Lort, would pe mhaking a vhery pad chob of it."

"Well, Mr Duff, do you not see that there is one comfort, that the dog Cumber-

land will roast in hell for what he has done to us?"

"Oo, fat doo I know? He will mhaybe get a retemption parton; but, pe Cot, I would not stand in his lhine for half a crhown and mhore."

"Oh the butcher beast, I hope to see the ravens in the home of perdition preying on his heart, for his savage cruelty to a brave and loyal people."

"And hersel hopes you will nhot, mhaister dhoctor, fhor if you see him there you will nhot pe fhar off yourself. Take me for it, him pe fery cood shentlemhan, and has paid mhe for mhore tan a hundred and twenty of te *cluas*, tat is te lugs of Highlanders, and I have eighteen pairs for him here tat are nhot peen paid yet. See, tere tem pe, all tight and whoule."

"It strikes me, Mr Duff, that some of these small ears have been cut from living objects."

"Oo, nhot at hall. Tem will all pe count fery whell. His Mhachesty te Tuke

will nhot mind alto tem should be a lhittle sore."

"Some of these are cut from living children, I could make oath to it. Tell me seriously—for it is the best jest I ever knew—Do you really cut the ears sometimes from living children, for the sake of a shilling a pair?"

"Oo, nhot at hall. If it would nhot pe some lhittle repel dhogs tat would pe on te steal."

"Well confessed. Then here's for you, you infernal dog. Here's another pair that will count for a day's work."

So saying, the doctor seized Davie, and in one moment whipped off the laps of both his ears, which he put into his hand. The thing was so suddenly and so deftly done, that the poor beadle could scarcely believe he had received any injury, but, holding the two severed ears in one hand, he put up the other to his temple, the blood whizzed against it. Then he changed his hold and put up the other hand, which was saluted in the same way. His eyes naturally turn-

ed both ways almost at once, and he perceived his precious blood arching from both ears like so many beautiful crimson rainbows. "Cot tamn you for *cuilein madadh*," cried he, in the most intemperate rage. "Fat you cut mhy years? May te dhevil's own lhong pig tamn come ofer apove you for a pomination cooper of physock! Now I doo prhay tat you mhay mheet my mhaister te Tuke of Cohumperlhand ackain, poth in te here and te after, and tat a tousand coal dhevils may pe cutting off your lhugs every nhight and every mhorning, and your old dog of a chief's too, and all te Clan-Frhazer, every one!"

Davie went away cursing, to the burn in the correi, where he washed his mutilated ears and bound them up; and, taking the severed parts, he rolled them carefully up with the rest, deeming the trick played to him, upon the whole, not a very bad speculation.

"Alas! unhappy Sarah! To what a scene thou art come!" said Peter to her on raising his eyes.

" Peter Gow!" exclaimed she. He pointed to her husband with a hurried hand, and a motion, signifying that *there* was one who claimed her first attention. " Ah! and my husband too! At least, he that was my husband," continued she. " Is he lying here? Dearest Alaster, what have they done to you? You weep, and do not speak to me. Tell me how you came here, or for whom you came?"

" I came for you, love, and have met with you and death at the same time.—Oh, why did you desert a heart that loved you above all the world?"

" For the sake of heavenly mercy, do not talk of death and of loving me at the same time! Why should love and death, to one you love, be pronounced together? But there's one of them I will eagerly believe, even against the evidence of my own senses." With that she kneeled down on the heather couch, put her arm over him, and laid her cheek to his.—" I forgive all, since you love me," continued she; " and, if you die, with

calm and pleasant resignation will I lie here, and die at your side."

Mackenzie became so much agitated, that John was obliged to interfere, and withdraw her from his side; "for," said he, "his life is in imminent danger, and hangs by a cord so brittle, that the smallest degree of perturbation, even the moving of a muscle, may break it; and then the best and bravest of Scotland's youths would be lost."

He lifted Sally gently in his arms, and supported her in them, leaning himself against the wall. She gazed at the two victims, but the looks of both manifested nothing but despair. She perceived that there was a gulf of misery before her, a trial that she dreaded, and she was endeavouring to rouse up her mind to an heroic endurance, whatever it might be, when Mr John Mackenzie desired her to sit down on the floor, and compose herself, for she had a tale of woe to listen to. She did so, and he sat down beside her, putting his arm around her, to support or restrain her, as the occasion might require, and then recounted to her the whole

of their hapless story, up to the moment of time that she entered the hut.

"But will they not recover?" cried she; "will not my husband and kind protector yet recover, and be friends?—Sure they will, if there be any pity in the decisive courts of Heaven!"

"Cease to arraign Heaven, my love," said her husband, "for it is in conformity with one of its sublime decrees that we all meet in this state of suffering. There was a doom pronounced on an illustrious house, and in that direful doom all its supporters have been included. From the moment that you lent a hand to aid a sinking cause, you entered the lists of the accused, and the bloom of your happiness was blighted. The sun of mercy has been withheld in the darkness of heaven, and the mildew of hell has blasted the blossom of all our fondest hopes. There is an old curse hanging over the race of STUART, and the dregs of their cup of misery has fallen to our share; we must all drink of it, love, even to the drop that

brings the pang of death, before the destiny be completed."

Scarcely could his friend restrain him in his wild, frenzied forebodings,—the recollections of some former prophecy, which had made a deep impression on his mind, till Dr Frazer entered, and ordered him to silence with loud imprecations, telling him, that, if he did not hold his tongue, he would be in h—ll in five hours. He was also earnest with the party to disperse, and leave the two wounded men in quiet, all but one to wait on them. He was particularly anxious that Sally should be removed, for he perceived how much her presence agitated them both; but no entreaty could move her to desert them. She smiled, as if in pity, on those who advised her to retire to a more suitable abode.—"Where can I go?" said she; "I have neither home nor friend to which I can go—nothing beyond the walls of this hut, and here will I remain for life or death; I will watch with them, and dress their wounds, and, if they die, I will bury

them with my own hands; honest Davie will perhaps lay me beside them."

Dr Frazer cursed her for a whining jade, but, at the same time, the tears were running over his sallow cheeks.

Sally and Mr John Mackenzie remained at the bothy; the rest returned to Tarloch, all save Davie Duff, who lingered with his spade about the correi; for, having learned that these two were his old friends in reality, and in great distress, the poor fellow remained near them, yet would not venture to intrude on their calamity. Mr Mackenzie, having observed him sauntering about, informed Sally of the circumstance, who desired to see him, and, when he came in, his simple expressions of sorrow were truly pathetic. Sally, who had plenty of gold about her, gave him a piece, and desired him to go to the camp, and procure some wine and bread, as there was none to be got anywhere else, and, for her sake, to be secret. He undertook the task with the greatest alacrity, and went away, with his spade over his shoulder, which he would in nowise consent

to leave. He travelled all the way from Correi-Uaine to Fort-Augustus, and returned the next morning, without sleeping, bringing plenty of wine, tea, and bread with him.

When the party returned with Dr Frazer to Tarloch-beg, they found Mrs Gow still in the same raving and distempered state; nor was her jealous rage aught mitigated, when informed that her husband was shot through the body, and attended by his former mistress in the bothy of Correi-Uaine; she uttered a loud hysteric laugh, and hoped they would comfort one another, as it was like to be a happy meeting of friends, and such a one as such friends deserved. It was in vain that Dr Frazer swore at her, and tried to shame her out of her base suspicions; it only increased her rancour and malevolence, and he was obliged to quit her in deep disgust.

In the meantime, the scene at the bothy continued to grow more and more painfully distressing; the men's wounds grew stiff, so that they neither could move, nor be moved, without intense suffering; and, the worst

thing of all, the mind of the unfortunate Sally began to give way. She had stood the first shock with wonderful equanimity; but the effort had either been an exertion beyond her strength, or else the horrors of which she had been the cause, opened to her mental view, by degrees, with an enormity that the broken state of her health, and her weakened nerves, could not brook. Before the next day, Mr John Mackenzie noted that her looks sometimes manifested abstraction of thought, and a melancholy smile would settle on her mild face, and remain for a considerable space, as if indented there. Then she ever and anon adverted to the scene in the loft at Letterewe, where one word from her lips would have prevented a world of misery; but she mentioned it often with an incoherence of metaphor, and allusions, that a healthful mind would scarcely have framed.—"That wee word WE kept Moses out of the land of promise," said she, keeping her eyes fixed on vacancy. The men listened in breathless suspense, to hear what would follow, but nothing did; the

chain of ideas that had led to the remark was unlinked, and the force of her memory could not again unite them. She came to it long after.—" If that word had been kept in, like mine, it might have been worse," said she; " and yet, I think, hardly. The children of Israel surely would not have fallen on and slain one another out of jealousy."

At another time she exclaimed,—" Ah! I should have spoken. I should have spoken! A word spoken is like a bird that flies away into the open firmament, to be judged of by God and man. But one repressed is a reptile that digs downward, downward into darkness and despair!"

In this deplorable situation did the party at the bothy remain for the first two days and nights. One of the women that was at the bothy at first, a poor widow, brought them a little goat's milk once a-day, and such other things as she could collect in that spoiled country, for which Sally paid her liberally, for she seemed now to part with her little concealed treasure not only with

pleasure, but with eagerness; and her malady increased so much, that at times it seemed approaching to utter delirium. She next fell a talking about an ideal orphan babe, the total destitution of which seemed to haunt her wandering imagination, and, whenever she touched on the theme, it was with a pathos truly moving; for the men imagined that these tender ideas were engendered in her mind from a consciousness that she herself was in a way, at some future period, to become a mother, and all the three were several times melted into tears by the simple expression of her meteor fancies. "The poor little innocent lamb can do nothing for herself, and, if there is none to do anything for her, she must die of hunger and thirst. But, O, it was so piteous to see her pawling with her little hands, and to hear her crying! She was begging support from a hard-hearted world, but they would not give it! although she told them she had neither father nor mother!"

"Good God, this is insufferable!" exclaimed Mackenzie.

"Was it not inhuman, Alaster? Was it not inhuman to abandon the pretty little destitute baby? It had a soul, and it would fain have lived to cherish it, but it could not. Oh, it could not live of itself! I cannot help crying for it. Indeed, I cannot; it was so utterly helpless!"

"What babe was it, dearest love?"

"What babe was it? What babe was it?" returned she quickly, as with great surprise. "Why, was it not the one that we buried to-day, and murdered many days agone? On the loft at Letterewe, you know. No, it was long before that! But I never heard aught so sweet as the death-hymn that the old woman sung over it. It was so like a Christian psalm I will never forget it, and I sung it all last night. I'll let you all hear a strain of it, how solemn it is.—

O sweet little cherub, how calm thou'rt reposing,
Thy sorrow is over, thy mild eye is closing,
The world has proved to thee a step-dame unfriendly,
But rest thee, my babe, there's a spirit within thee.
A wonder thou art, as thou lie'st there unshriven,
A stem of the earth, and a radiance of heaven;

A flower of the one, thou art fading and dying,
A spark of the other, thou'rt mounting and flying.
Farewell, my sweet baby, too early we sever!
I may come to thee, but to me thou shalt never,
Some angel of mercy shall lead and restore thee,
A pure, living flame, to the mansions of glory.
The moralist's boast may sound prouder and prouder;
The hypocrite's prayer rise louder and louder;
But I'll trust my babe in her trial of danger,
To the mercy of Him that was laid in the manger.

Whether it proceeded from feelings of sympathy, from inflammation of the wounds, or a deep consciousness of their deplorable condition, I know not, but, from the moment that Sarah had finished her little death-hymn, symptoms of derangement began to manifest themselves in the demeanour of both the patients. Her manner of performing it was most affecting, especially when that was conjoined in the minds of the hearers with the state of the singer, that had given birth to these parental emotions, that seemed wavering like a lambent flame over the extremities of nature. She kept all the while a swinging motion with her arms and knees, looking passionately down as on the face of a dying child.

She had no sooner ended than the wounded men began to talk intemperately about they knew not what, and the mania increased to such a degree, that Mackenzie sat up and brandished his arms, boasting of his Jacobitism, his feats of arms, and he seemed particularly to harp upon some injury received. Peter wept, and then laughed, and then tried to raise himself up. Mr John Mackenzie tried first to restrain the one, then the other, but, on perceiving nothing but maniac looks and motions all around him, he flung himself down in despair, and exclaimed vehemently, " Mother of God, what shall I do! What is to become of us! Sure that blasting curse of Heaven extends not to the putting out of the light of the soul? Or can this solitary dell be the haunt of demons ?"

The violence of his action, and the vehemence of his words, had an effect that he could not have conceived. It overmastered their madness, hushing them all to profound silence, and, for a whole natural day, he had no other means of quelling the mania with

which they were affected, but by making himself madder than they, which never failed in the effect of allaying their violence, and sometimes even induced them to expostulate with him, and to manifest sorrow for his extravagance.

Dr Frazer at length arrived at the hut, to the great satisfaction of all, particularly to that of Mr John Mackenzie, whose charge was indeed a heavy one. The doctor administered an emollient to the sufferers that allayed the fervour of their mental emotions, and calmed them to repose, and he gave a phial of it to Mr John Mackenzie. He declared the sufferers to be in a hopeful state, in a way that, with proper treatment, they might recover; but there was a cloud hung over his brow that they could not penetrate; a cloud of the deepest melancholy, affecting every word, look, and action. He knew more than they did, and more than he dared to communicate to them in their critical state, and he suspected more than he knew. When he parted with them, it was apparently with the deepest regret;

and, though cursing them for fools and idiots, the words growled through showers of tears. At length he took a long, silent look of each of them, hurried away, and, mounting his pony, took the wildest path across the hill to Strath-Errick. The look that the doctor gave his patients was one of pity; it was a farewell look; as much as if he had said—"God shield you, brave youths!—perhaps I shall never see you again."

The matter that perplexed Dr Frazer so much, was the certainty that at that instant there was a hot and extended search making for them over that part of the country. They were both proscribed rebels; in particular, there was a high price set on Peter's head; and the two Mackenzies had been the principal cause of exciting that search, by the avidity with which they had been asking after him and his companion formerly, giving up their marks, and assuring the people that they were in the vicinity. The doctor had one great hope of their safety, and it was this:—no stranger could find out the bothy of Correi-Uaine; every di-

verging path led by it, but no one to it; and it was possible to have traversed that country by all the ordinary routes, either by hill or dale, for one's whole lifetime, and never have known that such a spot existed. But, on the other hand, opposed to this, there was a danger against which no local advantages could aught avail—and that was treachery. From that source the doctor's alarm had its origin, and the person alone that he suspected as capable of such a deed of cruelty, was no other than Gow's own wife. She had betrayed her husband already to men that were then his enemies, and what surety was there that she might not repeat the crime, haunted as she was by the tormenting fiend of jealousy, of which neither reasoning nor the most obvious existing facts could free her distempered brain for one moment? Who could tell to what extremities such a fiend might urge on an infuriated woman, who had loved, and weened herself neglected!

Our forlorn party at the bothy knew nothing of these imminent dangers, and sus-

pected as little. They had enough of sorrow to occupy all the faculties of their souls, without going beyond the walls of their shieling in search of more. All their reflections on the past were grievous, and their prospects of the future dark and uncertain; but where is the darkness through which heavenly hope will not at times shed a ray? Their wayward fortunes, and sequestered retreat, so far from all interested in their welfare, had the effect of knitting them strongly together in the bonds of mutual affection; and, in proportion as the rest of the world were careless about them, they became interested in one another's recovery and welfare. Poor Sally's discomposure frequently returned, but they found that bathing her hands and feet in the burn of the correi soothed her; and there was she often to be seen with her naked feet in the stream, and her eyes fixed intently on the towering cliff; or, at other times, she would be found speaking to a cropt flower, as if it were a deserted babe.

On the fifth or sixth day after the rash

rencounter, as the evening approached, they were all soothing one another with hopes of a speedy recovery, and an escape from that inhospitable place. Sally was calm and collected; and, as her husband had shewn some symptoms of fever that day, she and Mr John Mackenzie were bathing and dressing his wounds, and Peter was giving them what directions he could, when, ere ever they were aware, a serjeant and three dragoons of the Duke of Cumberland's men, entered the hut suddenly, and seized on them all as prisoners. These soldiers asked no questions, being evidently well informed with regard to the identity of every one of the party, as well as of all their exploits and connexions. They first seized on Mr John Mackenzie, disarmed and bound him, and of the rest they saw, or knew before, there was no danger. They mocked at the plea urged by the prisoners, that they were incapable of being moved from the spot, and cursing them for traitor knaves and popish rebels, they dragged them out of the bothy, and set about forcing them to march to

head-quarters. They soon perceived that the marching of them was utterly impracticable, and, the day being wearing to a close, and the road extremely wild and rough, the red-coated ruffians were rather perplexed what course to pursue. They had been accustomed for three months bygone to regard the lives of Highlanders merely as those of noxious animals; and, though their general orders were to bring all the suspected in as prisoners to some one of the military stations, yet on the smallest pretences of resistance, and what not, these orders were every day infringed, and that with perfect impunity. Accordingly, the serjeant proposed, with the most perfect *sang froid*, as a matter of course, that they should kill the smith, and cut off his head for the sake of the high reward, and then bind the two brothers (as they weened them) together, and if they could not march, compel the one of them to carry the other.—This proposal was objected to by one of the soldiers, and exclaimed against by the prisoners with bursts of horror and detestation.

As for Gow, he never opened his lips. He found himself in the hands of his inveterate enemies, which he had never been before, and he seemed to expect no mercy. When they were first surprised, Sally fell a-shrieking, which she continued without intermission till quite exhausted; and, the agitation having raised her malady to the highest pitch, she sat down, rocked her ideal orphan child, and sung to it, regardless of all that was passing.

The contest ran high and loud in the broad Lancashire tongue, and many rude oaths passed; for the soldier who opposed the serjeant's proposal was a bold determined fellow, and maintained his opposition with a resolution that a cause so good well warranted. The Mackenzies joined him in reprobating such a procedure as the killing of a prisoner in cold blood. The two other soldiers, who had at first sided with the officer, were beginning to waver, which the opposing veteran perceiving, deemed that he had for that time gained a reprieve for the prisoners, and actually went so far as to dare

the serjeant to wound or hurt them at his peril, and as he should answer to his commander. This proceeding was a piece of the most consummate rashness—it was absolute insubordination; and, as might have been expected by any reasonable being, had only the effect of rousing the pride and rage of the low-bred subaltern, inducing him to ride on the top of his little proud and brief authority. "Dom thee impartinance! thou seyast swo to meiy, dwost thou?" And, as he pronounced these magnificent words, he took his pistol from his belt and shot Gow through the heart; and there the resolute young hero, who had achieved such valiant acts for a hapless race, fell down and expired without a groan.

The serjeant's quarrel with his opponent was not done, nor did he expect or intend that it should be so. He fixed his inveterate eyes on him, and on him alone, as if exciting him to continue his opposition, loading him meanwhile with every opprobrious epithet. He was even beginning to hint that it would be but justice to send him after the "dom-

med paipish reybel;" when, in a moment, and ere scarcely aware of his danger, he was attacked by Alexander Mackenzie, with a fury of which only a man driven mad was capable, thrown down, and stabbed with a dirk through the left arm, with which he was defending himself, before the least assistance could be rendered to the astonished officer. The assailant had even mastered his left hand, (his right having fallen below him,) and would have sent the skene-dhu through his heart at the next thrust, had that not been prevented by one of the soldiers, who, springing forward, wounded Mackenzie on the back part of the head with his sabre. The stroke, which was a deadly one, paralysed him, and he rolled down lifeless at the side of his antagonist, who, springing up, ran the expiring warrior two or three times through the body.

Notwithstanding the imminent danger that this gallant Lancastrian had escaped, his sublime resentment was not appeased. He fastened the quarrel once more on this brave but detested soldier, who had dared

to dispute the propriety of his order, and would once more have forced on the matter to an extremity, had he not been apprized by one of the other soldiers of the approach of a party of armed Highlanders, who were coming hard upon them, some running, and some galloping on horseback, straight toward the bothy. The serjeant at first refused to stir, swearing that they were a party of Campbell's or of Loudoun's men; but a nearer approach convinced him of his mistake, and he and his comrades were glad to mount their horses and scour off with all expedition, forgetting even to rifle the slain, or to take the head of Gow, almost worth its weight in gold, along with them.

The party of Highlanders came up. It consisted of Dr Frazer, and seven others of the name of M'Pherson, all sons to one Æneas M'Pherson, a tacksman of Cluny's, who occupied a great extent of land on the outermost limits of his domains. The doctor had engaged them to come and carry off the unfortunate party to a place of greater safety that night, in litters; but they came too

late, and, perceiving the scuffle, they dropped their baggage, and hasted to the rescue. The doctor sprung from his shelty, but found the young heroes both gone; on which, after damning the ruffians a score of times, he again mounted and ordered a pursuit. The M'Phersons obeyed with alacrity, stripping off their brogs and jackets to enable them to keep up with the rider. Mr John Mackenzie also joined them, and away they went with great swiftness by another route, so that they might intercept the ruffian troopers at the fords of Errick. Dr Frazer kept constantly ahead, galloping and spurring his shelty, cursing and swearing all the way without pause or mitigation. I cannot give the history of that pursuit, for it never was promulgated so far as I know. Certes the serjeant and his accomplices never returned to head-quarters; but there were so many straggling parties sent about the country, that they were never missed until word was brought to the camp that the bodies of two soldiers were thrown out on the sands of Loch-Ness, at the shore of Urquhart.

But the very day before this discovery, as a party of English ladies and gentlemen, who had been on a visit at head-quarters, were viewing the Fall of Foyers, they beheld, in a hideous caldron below the cataracts, the body of a red-coated dragoon hover up slowly in the boil of the whirlpool, as if it had been beckoning their attention, and again disappear. The party concluded at once that he had been drunk, and missed his footing; and it had the effect of making them all choose their steps with great caution. There is little doubt that the four dragoons were all safely committed to the waves of the furious Foyers on the night they were pursued from Correi-Uaine; but, the bodies being found on the other side of the loch, the sons of Æneas M'Pherson were never once suspected.

There was no person returned to the bothy of Correi-Uaine that night; and there was the poor distracted Sally left, sitting raving and singing her lullaby, beside the bodies of her murdered husband and former lover. She crept near to them as

the darkness drew on; spoke to them in the most endearing tones; looked into their faces, and tried to dress their wounds; but her hands were paralysed, and as unstable as her ideas. "Ah! you are cheating me!" she exclaimed fondly; "I know you are cheating me, and that you will look up and embrace me when you have frightened me all that you can."

She then seemed to call her recollection to her as it were by force, sitting wringing her hands, and looking ruefully at the corpses alternately; then did she begin a-tearing of her hair, and shrieking till the woods and rocks screamed in return. Madly and wildly did she shriek till fairly exhausted, so that her cries at last degenerated into low moanings, intermingled with pauses and sobs, and, finally, she fell down motionless, with her head on her husband's bloody breast, and her arms clasped around him.

The next morning, before the sunrising, who should come to the spot but Davie Duff, carrying his spade over his shoulder,

and bringing also some cordials and refreshments for his old friends. He had been inured to scenes of carnage; and, indeed, they were become so familiar to him, that he delighted in them. But natural affection, though blunted in him, was not obliterated. The sight of his old familiar acquaintances lying stretched in their blood together was too much for his philosophy, or rather for his natural and acquired apathy, to bear; and poor Davie absolutely gave way to the kinder feelings of his nature, and stood leaning upon his spade and weeping over the remains of his once kind and indulgent friends, while his homely lamentation was not destitute of a rude pathos.

"Ochon, a shendy Righ! and pe tis te way tey pe guide poor Highlandmans and vomans still? Och! but hersel pe fery sorry and woful! And now, fan no pody pe hearing I, will say, 'Cot tamn my mhaister, te Tuke of Cohumperland!' Now tat kif some relhief to her cood heart. Och, poor crheatures! te tays haif shanged sore! I haif een you so full of te merry, and te

happy, and te whanton luff, tat it was fery plhaisant; and nhow to see you all lhying kill't trou te pody! Och, inteed, it is mhore pad tan all tings in te whoule world! Well, I nheed nhot carry my whines and my prheads any mhore. Here's to your cood sleep, khind mustress Sally, and a cood lhong eferlhasting to you. The same to you, Peader Gobhadh; you shall haif cood grave, and dhecent dheep purial; and you shall lhye in ane anhoder's bhosoms, and te tevil a ane of te hears shall go out of yhour heads. As for tis yhoung sparker, hersel shall nhot say so fery mhooch. Poor mustress Sally! you haif something to pay your shot, forepy kiffing your hears. It would pe pad folly to pury cood rhed ghold in a plack mhoss, where it would pe all spoiled."

David had seen from whence Sally took the pieces of gold which she had given him to lay out, and, after this long apostrophe, he began a-loosing her bodice and fumbling about her breast. In a moment the dead woman seized him by the hand with a frightened and convulsive grasp, setting her

nails into his wrist. Davie was stooping over her when this occurred, and the fright made him roar out and fall forward, tumbling quite over her and the body of her husband, on which she raised herself above him, held him down, and looked him madly in the face. But the scene that then occurred for a short space was too ludicrous to be described at the close of a tale so lamentably unfortunate in all its circumstances.

A youthful constitution will bear much, and most of all when the sufferer is in a state of derangement. Sally's fits of distraction the evening before had exhausted nature entirely; but, after a sleep with the dead corpses, as deep and as sound as their own, she was awakened by Davie's unmannerly grasp, and awakened to a still deeper sense of the horror of her situation; for, with the period of repose, a ray of dubious and clouded reason had returned. Davie and she were soon reconciled. They sought out a retired situation that they hoped would never be discovered, and digged a double grave in conjunction; for Sally frequently

wrought at it with her nails, and sung, and sometimes could scarcely be prevented from stretching herself in it. The two young heroes were buried, side by side, in the same grave, and were among the very last of the Culloden men that were slain within the precincts of the Highlands. I once went five miles out of my road to visit their grave. It lies about fifty yards above the walls of the old bothy, in the midst of a little marshy spot of ground on the left side of the burn, and is distinguished by a stone about a foot high at the head and another at the feet. When I was there it appeared a little hollowed, as though some one had been digging in it.

The remainder of the history of the once beautiful, joyous, and light-hearted Sally, is the most distressing part of the whole. Davie was hard bestead with her in that wild, for she would not be persuaded to leave the spot; but the poor fellow never quitted her till he got her to a place of safety, in the house of the widow who had brought the

goat-milk to the bothy. The Mackenzies sought after her, and made her asylum as comfortable to her as they could; but, alas! she did not need it long; for in the month of December following she was lost, and could nowhere be discovered. The poor widow who had the charge of her went to the bothy and the grave once and again, but she was not there; and then she went into the low country as far as the village of Balmillo, thinking she had got some traces of her, but neither had she been seen in that quarter. In the meantime, a young shepherd, one of the M'Phersons before-mentioned, chanced to be out on the heights of Correi-Uaine gathering in some goats late one afternoon. The ground was slightly covered with snow, the air calm, and the frost intense; and, to his great astonishment, he heard a strain of music rise on the breeze, of such a sweet and mournful cadence, that he took it for an angel's coronach. He listened and kept aloof for a good while, but at length, owing to the

whiteness of the ground, he perceived that there was something living and human sitting on the grave in the correi. He approached; and, horrible to relate! there was the poor disconsolate Sally actually sitting rocking and singing over the body of a dead female infant. He ventured to speak to her in Gaelic, for he had no other language; but she only looked wildly up to heaven, and sung louder. He hasted home; but the road was long and rough, and before his brothers reached the spot the mother and child were lying stretched together in the arms of death, pale as the snow that surrounded them, and rigid as the grave-turf on which they had made their dying bed. Is there human sorrow on record like this that winded up the devastations of the Highlands? Just God! was it as the old Celtic bard and seer had predicted? Was it a retribution from thy omnipotent hand for the guiltless blood shed in the south of Scotland by the House of Stuart and their Highland host? Thy paths are beyond the ken of mortal man, and the workings of thy

arm beyond his comprehension; but, while Thou doest according to thy will in the armies of heaven and amongst the inhabitants of the earth, of this we are sure, that one hair of our heads cannot fall to the ground without thy knowledge and permission.

NOTE.

SINCE writing the foregoing Tale, I have been informed, by a correspondent in Edinburgh, that the surname of this famed hero *was not Gow;* but that I had been misled by his common appellation in Gaelic, Peader Gobhadh, (Peter the smith.) It may be so; I do not know. *Id cinerem aut manes credis curare sepultos?* He further tells me, that it was Peter's wife who betrayed the party the second time also, she having sent word of their retreat to head-quarters, and a guide to the spot; but that she lived to repent it, having been on that account hated, cursed, and shunned, by all parties; and that she died in the Lowlands of Perthshire, a miserable mendicant, in the house of a Mr John Stewart. *Felix, quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*

J. H.

THE END.

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